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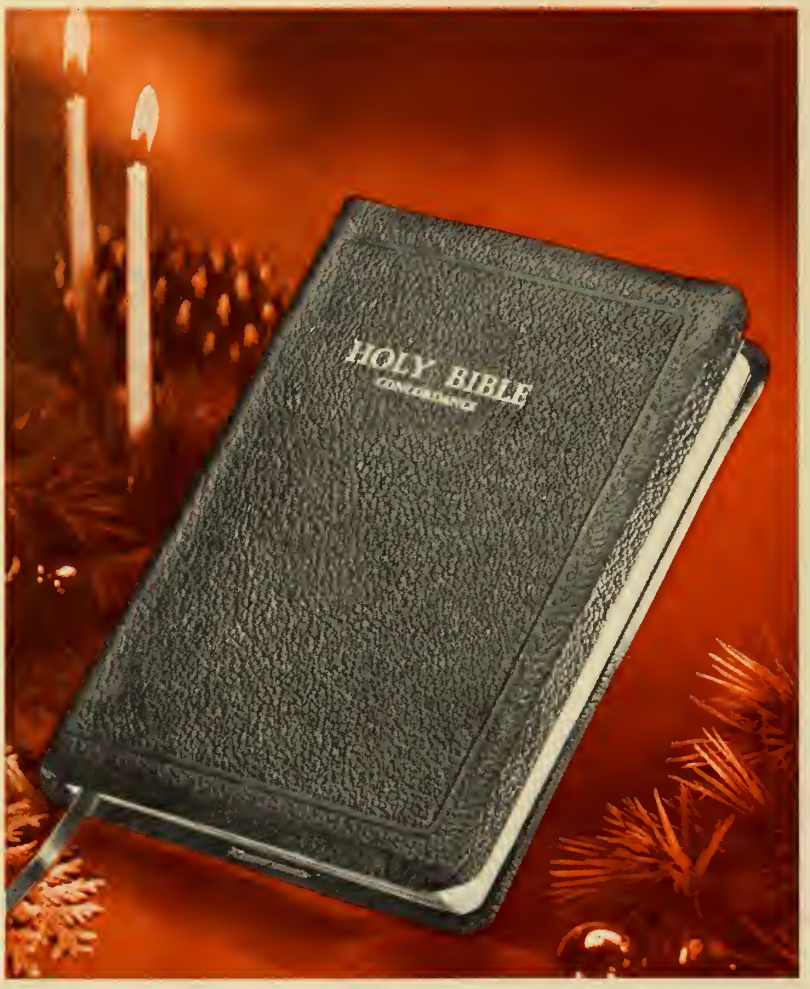
For unto us
a child is born,
unto us a son
is given:
and the government
shall be upon
his shoulder:
and his name
shall be called
Wonderful,
Counsellor,
The mighty God,
The everlasting
Father,
The Prince
of Peace.
—Isaiah 9:6 KJV

Shepherds are visited by an angel of the Lord—from the Book of Hours, *an illuminated manuscript by French monks of the 15th century.*

In India—

THEY CHALK a CHURCH

Under India's unmerciful sun, a little imagination and some powdered lime transform the nearest shade tree into a sanctuary for worship. It is not at all unusual for Christian converts, often among the poorest in a village, to mark off altar, aisles, and the seating areas with white lines, as in the photos above by the Rev. H. D. Johns of the Methodist mission at Vikarabad. Then, with the preacher in place (as at right), the service begins. The practice is not new in India where holy men often establish their "temples" in the shade of the big trees; and it is a common practice for the people to draw designs in the earth to signify festivals and other special occasions.



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The Church in Action

Aldersgate '63 Reawakens Methodists to 'The Way of the Warmed Heart'

THE NEWS: John Wesley's conviction that "the Methodists are one people in all the world" was demonstrated in 1963 as Methodists commemorated the 225th anniversary of its founder's "heartwarming" Aldersgate experience. The year-long observance was a refreshing reminder of Wesley's pivotal experience at a prayer meeting in London's Aldersgate Street, May 24, 1738. They heard of it in small study groups in homes, from pulpits, and during special Aldersgate services in 44 countries.*

Background: Tied to the founding of Methodism, the Aldersgate program was developed by a special committee of 13 bishops and the National Council on Evangelism, working through the Methodist Board of Evangelism.

The program called on Methodists, "under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to seek a new life in Christ and the church, and to witness out of a heartwarming experience that Jesus Christ is Lord."

Hundreds of thousands of copies of the Book of Romans were distributed to help Methodists study the book which Wesley and his friends were discussing that night in Aldersgate Street. A new edition of Wesley's *Notes on Romans*, including his translation of the Book of Romans, also was made available. In addition, Martin Luther's *Preface to the Epistle to the Romans* was printed and offered to Methodists in the United States for the first time. It was this preface which was being read when Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed" and he found he had a faith and message which had to be shared with others. This experience led eventually to the founding of the Methodist Church.

Church publications added to the wealth of Aldersgate material. TOGETHER highlighted the observance with a special *Aldersgate Issue* in May, and with related articles throughout the year.**

Around the World: Between 600 and 700 churches around the world commemorated the anni-

Bishop Marvin Franklin of Jackson, Miss., left, and Dr. Lee F. Tuttle, secretary of the World Methodist Council, display the special Aldersgate commemorative medallion.

Young adults at Christ Methodist Church, Bethel Park, Pa., portraying Peter Boehler, John and Charles Wesley, re-create the famous prayer meeting on Aldersgate Street.

Bishop Friedrich Wunderlich, Frankfort, Germany, left, gives medallion to the Rev. Karl Pollmer in East Germany.

At Chisangano Methodist Church, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, a lay leader puts an Aldersgate medallion on roofing for a new church.

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* *Anniversary observances were held in Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Burma, Canada, Ceylon, Chile, The Congo, Costa Rica, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Ghana, India, Indonesia, Ivory Coast, Ireland, Jamaica, Japan, Kenya, Korea, Liberia, Malaya, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, Panama, Peru, Poland, Puerto Rico, Sarawak, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, West Africa, West Pakistan, and the U.S.*—EDS.

** *See especially* Methodism's 'Emphasis' for 1963 to Be 'The Warmed Heart,' *January, 1963, page 3, and* The Way of the Warmed Heart, *May, 1963, page 35.*—EDS.

versary year permanently with the hanging of a bronze medallion produced especially for the occasion by the World Methodist Council.

• In Denmark, Norway, Finland, and Sweden, Methodists used radio and television to tell of Aldersgate. Aldersgate services in Sydney, Australia, likewise were televised.

• Methodists behind the Iron Curtain participated. The church in Haapsalu, Estonia, a province in Russia, held special services on May 24. Every Friday during May, special Aldersgate services were held in Central Methodist Church, Warsaw, Poland.* The pastor of the Methodist Church in Praha, Czechoslovakia, said the Aldersgate observance there "was such a fine meeting" his congregation decided to hold a similar service each month.

• Africans knelt at a Methodist altar in Umtali, Southern Rhodesia, praying for the spirit of "Junn Wesslec."

• The program was translated into Hindi by the Centenary Methodist Church of New Delhi, India, for its members.

• Chinese, Ibans, Kenyahs, Kayas, Americans, Filipinos, and Indians joined in Aldersgate services in the Methodist church in Kapit, Sarawak.

• The pastor of the church in Zschorlau, East Germany, summed up his congregation's observance by saying, "Our concern is to remain spiritually alive under all circumstances."

• A duplicate of the bronze commemorative medallion was cast by the Spanish-speaking church in Panama City, with wording in both Spanish and English.

• The small, independent Methodist churches in France called special attention in their official paper, *L'Evangeliste*, to their link with John Wesley on Aldersgate Day.

• Bishop Pedro Zottele of Santiago, Chile, said his pastors report "Methodism is on fire" there.

• Bishop Eleazar Guerra of Mexico City reported that more than 400 persons out of 1,000 attending Aldersgate services in Gante Church reconsecrated their lives.

• Between 7,000 and 8,000 persons attended an Aldersgate rally in Johannesburg, South Africa. They represented all racial groups in the church.

• In the U.S., the observance took many forms, ranging from small group meetings to festivals and outdoor services.

Accomplishments: Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles, chairman of the special committee of bishops assisting in development of the year's program, believes that on the whole the Aldersgate emphasis "has been a great success in reawakening Methodism to certain fundamental doctrines."

"Looking to the past," he says, "is always a dangerous thing for a church. But in this case, it was an attempt to recover the secret of Methodist power. I have the feeling that across the church, at least in America, there has been a renewed realization that power is from the Spirit of God and not from the cleverness of men."

Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City, president of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, has a like feeling.

"While statistics are lacking," he says, "many hearts have been touched as was John Wesley's in 1738, and many rededications to Christ have been made during this special emphasis. The Aldersgate idea spread quickly and widely as Methodists realized their need for a renewing of faith. We certainly hope that Aldersgate has struck home with renewed force and that we will make every effort possible to conserve the benefits and make the best use of them during the years to come."

Dr. Lee F. Tuttle, secretary of the World Methodist Council, describes the Council's "Aldersgate Around the World" project as "highly successful," and reports:

"There was no section of the world which did not participate. It has been the expressed feeling of many that on the evening of May 24, 1963, the World Methodists were closer together in fellowship, worship and purpose than at any time in recent years."

Significance: Just how do you measure the results of a worldwide evangelistic effort such as Aldersgate Year? Program leaders feel it did have an impact on individual Methodists. Yet statistics do not reflect individual reactions unless impact and influence are translated into positive action. Latest figures reveal that during 1962 membership in The Methodist Church showed a gain of less than 1 percent, and for the fourth straight year the number of persons admitted to the church on profession of faith was down.

Nevertheless, Harold L. Hermann of The Methodist Board of Evangelism staff believes "a new awareness of the place and power of lay people in the deepening Christian experience is clearly evident."

Urging his area to keep the spirit of Aldersgate alive, Bishop Fred G. Holloway of Charleston, W.Va., says: "Evangelism is not a convenience of the calendar but a command of Christ. If Aldersgate renewed our concern for evangelism, this concern should grow and its results increase.

"Now, also, is the time to note that great social movements followed Wesley's experience. There were not only changed lives but changed attitudes within society. The result of genuine evangelism, therefore, is to be seen not only in statistical records but in the changes which take place in our thinking about the great issues of the world."

Approves Board of Missions Reorganization Proposal

The Methodist Board of Missions' executive committee has approved in principle the sweeping reorganization of the board's structure. It will be the first reorganization since the board was formed in 1940.

Four steps must be completed before any restructuring can take place:

• The detailed reorganization plan must be put in final form.

• The whole board must approve the final plan at its annual meeting in January, 1964, at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

• General Conference, beginning April 26, 1964, must adopt necessary changes in the *Discipline*.

• The newly-elected board for the 1964-68 quadrennium must implement the new structure at its organizational meeting in September at Chicago, Ill.

Major changes proposed are:

• One general secretary instead of the present four.

• Unification of mission fields administration at home and overseas. Dual administration of the board's divisions and the Woman's Division of Christian Service would be merged.

• Increased unity in missionary education and cultivation in local churches

* *See* Special Report—Methodists in Poland, *April, 1962, page 35.*—Eds.

TOGETHER December, 1963
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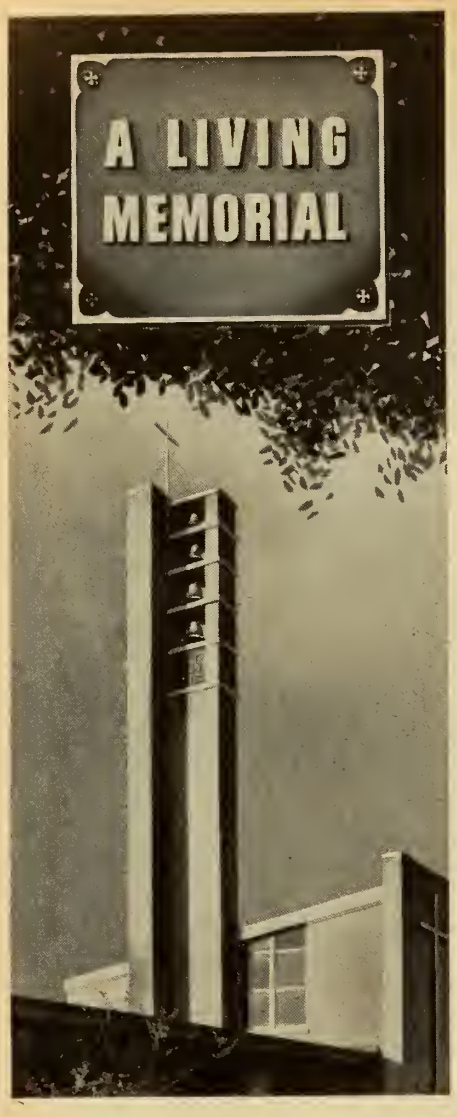

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would be achieved by reducing the number of approaches by the board.

- Local Woman's Societies of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guilds would be strengthened by more intensive leadership training by the Woman's Division and by providing more opportunities for women's participation in the board's work.
- Increased participation by board members in policy-making operations.
- The board's new overseas administrative division would set up a plan for channeling the techniques and skills of other national Methodist agencies in such fields as stewardship, evangelism, and Christian education to Methodist and Methodist-related churches overseas.

Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis, Ind., president of the board, said, "This new plan provides for fuller unity in the board itself, for fuller unity in missionary service to churches in the United States and around the world, and for more effective missionary education and cultivation.

"It should be emphasized that in all of the contemplated changes the values and heritage of Methodist women's work are to be preserved. Women are to be guaranteed a minimum of 40 percent of the executive staff positions, and the number of women on board membership will be increased."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, OCTOBER 1, 1963, (as required by act of October 23, 1962; section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) of TOGETHER, published monthly at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee, with headquarters and business offices at same address.

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3. That there are no bondholders, mortgages or security holders.
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   Single issue nearest filing date 790,000
   Paid Circulation—
   Average for preceding 12 months 740,745
   Single issue nearest filing date 704,409
   Sales through agents or dealers— ..... none
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   Average for preceding 12 months 44,323
   Single issue nearest filing date 36,662
   Total number of copies distributed—
   Average for preceding 12 months 785,068
   Single issue nearest filing date 741,071

Methodist-EUB Commissions Adopt Plan of Church Union

A plan of union of The Methodist Church and the Evangelical United Brethren Church has been adopted by representatives of the two denominations. The merged body would be "The United Methodist Church."

The denominations' commissions meeting in Chicago drafted a constitution for the new church which has been distributed to leaders of both bodies for study and comment.

A joint meeting of the commissions is scheduled for December 12-13 in Nashville, Tenn., to perfect the plan of union.

The plan will be considered by the Methodist General Conference meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa., beginning April 26, 1964, and by the EUB General Conference in 1966. Favorable action by both bodies could bring The United Methodist Church into existence by 1968.

Charles C. Parlin, a New York City Methodist and chairman of the union drafting committee, said that under the proposed grouping the work of the EUB Church in Ontario would be related to the Methodist Northeastern Jurisdiction. EUB churches in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia would be part of the Western Jurisdiction, he said.

Under the plan, the seven EUB bishops would be assigned as follows: two to the Northeastern Jurisdiction; two to North Central; and one each to Southeastern, South Central, and Western. The Methodist procedure of electing and assigning bishops would be followed in the new church.

The plan would continue the Methodist Central Jurisdiction, with The Methodist Church's provisions working toward its abolition.

A Council on Ecumenical Affairs—a unique feature of the proposed new church—"shall declare and work for the Church Universal, and interpret The United Methodist Church in the light of the New Testament, church history, and its relationship to ecumenical councils, agencies, and movements."

A compromise was made in the plan

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

DECEMBER

1—First Sunday in Advent, Commitment Sunday, conclusion of nationwide Aldersgate Evangelistic Mission.
1-8—Universal Bible Week.
8—Universal Bible Sunday.
9-13—Meeting of Curriculum Committee, Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.
24—179th anniversary of convening of the Christmas Conference at Lovely Lane Chapel, Md., at which the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized.
25—Christmas Day.
29—Student Recognition Day.
31-Jan. 3—Christmas Conference for Young Preachers, Denver, Colo.
31—New Year's Eve or Watch Night.

for selecting district superintendents. Methodist bishops appoint their superintendents, while the superintendents in the EUB Church are elected by annual conferences. The plan calls for superintendents to be appointed by bishops "with the consent (vote) of the annual conferences."

Both church bodies carry on extensive work in Germany. EUB Bishop Reuben H. Mueller of Indianapolis, Ind., a recent visitor to Germany, said that both denominations there show an eagerness for the proposed union. The new German church would be named "Evangelische Methodistsche Freikirche"—literally, "Evangelical Methodist Free Church."

Copies of the Plan of Union may be obtained by writing Mr. Parlin, 20 Exchange Place, New York, N.Y., 10005.

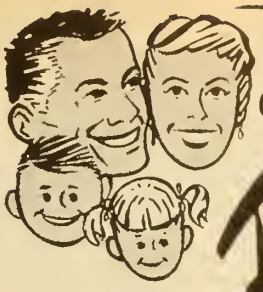
EUB Church Joins WMC; Union Moves Spotlighted

The Evangelical United Brethren Church became a part of the World Methodist Council at a meeting of the WMC Executive Committee in Stuttgart, Germany. Also granted membership was the Methodist Church of Nigeria, bringing the number of affiliated denominations in WMC to 20.

Assurances were given the United Church of Central Africa in Rhodesia that it would be eligible for membership consideration when certain union movements are completed.

EUB Bishop Reuben H. Mueller of Indianapolis, Ind., speaking of the proposed merger of the EUB Church and The Methodist Church, pointed out, "Had [Bishop Francis] Asbury been able to provide German-speaking preachers and the funds to support them, we would have been Methodists from the start."

Organic union is not the immediate objective between the Methodist



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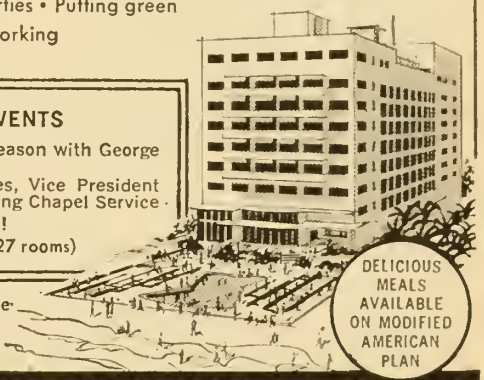

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Church of Great Britain and the Church of England, said Principal Harold Roberts, who heads the British Methodist Committee in its negotiations. The first stage is that of intercommunion, Dr. Roberts said—the freedom of members to communicate and of ministers to preach and administer the Sacraments in either church. (Voting on the proposed merger is not expected until at least March, 1965.)

The status of merger proposals involving other overseas Methodists is:

- Australia—Methodists are "very near union with Presbyterians and Congregationalists."
- New Zealand—Negotiations are "far on the way to completion" for a union similar to that in Australia.
- Jamaica—Encouraging consultations are reported.
- Merger proposals in India and Africa added to the evidence that the trend toward union is worldwide.

Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., WMC president and a Methodist observer at the Vatican Council in 1962, commented: "The pattern of Pope John's conduct toward all Christians was strikingly similar to John Wesley's proposals for Christian Protestant-Roman Catholic relations."

WMC leaders in a resolution voiced strong opposition to discrimination in any form. Race prejudice is "worldwide," the statement said, and Methodists everywhere are called "to penitence for their failure to exercise the Christian ministry of reconciliation."

Attempts to Integrate Churches Result in Arrests

Attempts to integrate two white Methodist churches in Jackson, Miss., resulted in arrests of four white Methodist ministers and a layman from Chicago and the second arrests of three co-eds from a college near Jackson.

The young women, attempting to attend Sunday worship services at the Capitol Street Methodist Church, were arrested and later sentenced to one year in jail for trespassing. They are Julie Zaugg and Betty Ann Poole of the Chicago area and Catherine Hannah, a Negro of Carthage, Miss. All attend Tougaloo Southern Christian College in Tougaloo, near Jackson.

On a later Sunday, four ministers and the girls, along with a Methodist layman and attorney, Leland Rayson of near Chicago, tried to worship in two groups, one at Capitol Street Church and the other at Galloway Memorial Methodist. Three went to Galloway as guests of one of the members and were inside the church when arrested.

Those who went to Capitol Street Methodist did not gain admittance, but were arrested on the steps. Attorney Rayson, along with William Kunstler, represented the group and attempted to get the case into federal court under a little-known federal law which permits federal jurisdiction if local laws are being misused in a denial of civil rights.

The Chicago ministers are Elmer Dickson, Donald Walden, Joseph A. Buckles, and Gerald Forshey. James A. Reed, a fifth Chicago Methodist pastor, accompanied the group to Jackson but was not arrested.

The Rev. Stanley Hallett, a Methodist minister and executive secretary of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago's department of church planning, had earlier accompanied the three girls to the Capitol Street Church, but they were turned away and not arrested.

Bishop Marvin Franklin of Jackson and the ministers of the two churches, the Rev. W. J. Cunningham and the Rev. Seth Granberry, said they had asked the police not to come to the church property or enter the buildings. They and Jackson District Superintendent J. W. Leggett asked police to drop the charges against the Chicago ministers, but said the police were unwilling to do so.

Following their first arrest, the three girls were released from jail on bond provided by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

John Bromley Garner, a Tougaloo faculty member arrested with the group, also was released on bond.

Anniversary of Methodism

The Association of Methodist Historical Societies is urging Methodists to observe the 179th anniversary of the founding of The Methodist Church in America.

Sunday, January 5, 1964, has been selected as the day for observing the anniversary of the 1784 Christmas Conference in Baltimore, Md.

William Harrelson (center) was presented a car by Hyde Park Methodist Church in Tampa, Fla., in recognition of his 25 years of service as custodian. His daughter received a one-year scholarship to Gibbs Junior Collge, St. Petersburg. Hyde Park pastor Harold E. Buell is at left, W. P. Key, official board chairman, at right.

Hope Gives $300,000 to SMU

Comedian Bob Hope has given $300,000 toward the construction of a $1-million theater on the Southern Methodist University campus in Dallas, Texas. The theater will be named for Hope. [Watch for article entitled *The House (Bob) Hope Helped Build in London,* February 1964.]

Methodist Information Head Will Retire—Successor Named

Dr. Ralph Stoody of New York City, general secretary of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, will retire April 19, 1964.

Dr. Stoody

Dr. West

Commission president, Bishop Eugene M. Frank of St. Louis, Mo., announced that Dr. Stoody's successor will be Dr. Arthur West of Evanston, Ill., director of the commission's Chicago office.

Soon after Methodist unification the commission was established in 1940 with Dr. Stoody as its director. Under his 23-year guidance, offices have been established in New York,

CENTURY CLUB

Eight Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays join the TOGETHER *Century Club this month. They are:*

Mrs. Hassie Vaughn, 100, Cumming, Ga.
Mrs. M. E. Betts, 100, Haskell, Texas.
Mrs. Anna E. James, 100, Tujunga, Calif.
Mrs. Frank E. Mason, 101, McCune, Kans.
Mrs. Jane Effinger, 100, Buffalo, N.Y.
Mrs. Florence Lambert Gurney, 100, Brockton, Mass.
John F. Dague, 100, Hiawatha, Kans.
William Maurice Crain, 100, Augusta, Ill.

In nominating a person for the Century Club, please give his or her present address, birth date, and where the nominee has church membership.

Chicago, Nashville, and Washington, D.C. In addition, 31 episcopal areas have Methodist Information offices.

The commission granted Dr. Stoody's request for retirement on his 68th birthday, April 19.

Dr. West, 53, a member of the Missouri East Conference, has been in charge of the Chicago office for 15 years. An associate secretary of the commission, he previously worked on several newspapers and served pastorates in Missouri, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Maine.

Bishop John Gowdy Dies

Retired Methodist Bishop John Gowdy, 93, died September 9 in Winter Park, Fla.

Prior to his election to bishop in 1930 at Nanking, China, he served as president of Anglo-Chinese College (1904-1923) and Fukien University (1923-1926), both in Foochow, China.

He retired in 1940 after serving as a Methodist Episcopal Church missionary in China since 1902.

Adopts 'Second Mile Crusade'

The Methodist Board of Lay Activities at its annual meeting in Chicago, Ill., adopted a new "Second Mile Crusade" of personalized giving to specific projects. The three phases of the crusade, which will be emphasized in some 15,000 Methodist Men clubs in the United States, are:

1. A radio program with a new format that will differ from the Methodist Men Hour.

2. Christian literature for new literates in overseas missions.

3. Continuation of the project of

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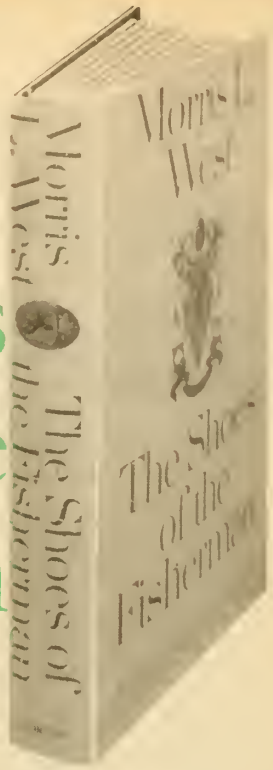
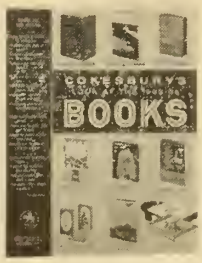


The Shoes of the Fisherman

BY MORRIS L. WEST

Cokesbury is proud to recommend this magnificent new novel for your reading pleasure. Bishop Gerald Kennedy in a review in this magazine's "Browsing in Fiction" section, tells what a great experience it was for him to read a book that has something of the art of fiction within it and yet reveals the authentic mark of a creator of character. He further states his belief that one of the greatest dangers in our civilization is the dehumanization of human life and one of our greatest needs is to recover the sense of the wonder and value of people.

Cokesbury is pleased to join Bishop Kennedy in recommending the reading of this fine book—a novel in the more classical sense and not by coincidence, one about the Church. This is only one of the hundreds of outstanding selections to be found in the pages of the 1963-64 Cokesbury Book Catalog and on the shelves of your nearest Cokesbury Book Store. Fill in the order form below and mail it today! (MW) *postpaid*, **$4.95**



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providing books for Alaska Methodist University library.

An 18-member crusade committee will be named to direct the new program.

The board will petition the 1964 General Conference to change its name to "General Board of the Laity." The change is proposed, a board spokesman explained, because "it is more in keeping with current new interest in understanding the role of the laity in the church."

Methodist Membership Gains Less Than One Percent

The Methodist Church's membership in the United States grew less than 1 percent in 1962-63, according to statistics compiled by the Methodist Council on World Service and Finance, Evanston, Ill. Membership now totals 10,234,986, as compared with 10,153,003 last year.

On the other hand, contributions increased nearly $17.5 million to a total of $598,980,812.

The membership figure includes 28,697 ordained ministers—86 more than last year—but does not include 1,780,526 preparatory members (baptized children).

There was a drop of nearly 90,000 in church school membership, going from 6,926,780 last year to 6,837,464 this year. The average Sunday attendance dropped some 56,000—down to 3,685,049.

Membership in the Woman's Society of Christian Service and Methodist Men clubs likewise decreased slightly. The Woman's Society has 1,718,986 members in 30,514 groups. Methodist Men have 402,317 members in 14,538 clubs.

The estimated value of land, church buildings, and equipment increased $188.5 million—to $3,349,223,840.

Crusade Scholarship Program Sponsors 77 Students in U.S.

The international Crusade Scholarship program of The Methodist Church is sponsoring 77 students from 20 countries in American colleges and universities during the 1963-64 academic year.

Entering its 18th consecutive year, the program has trained about 1,400 persons from almost 60 countries for top-level leadership.

In addition to the students in the U.S., 20 Crusade Scholars are studying in other countries, making a total of 97 in the program.

The Crusade Scholarship program is financed from two sources—a portion of the receipts from the One Great Hour of Sharing offering taken during Lent; and appropriations by the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Board of Missions.

Hotel Knickerbocker in Hollywood, Calif., has been acquired by Pacific Homes, a Southern California-Arizona Methodist Conference agency. It welcomes permanent and transient guests.

More Delegate-Observers At Vatican 2nd Session

The number of non-Roman Catholic delegate-observers and guests attending the Second Vatican Council's second session showed a 50 percent increase over the first session. Among the 60 delegate-observers and guests were 17 from the United States.

Named by the World Methodist Council as observers were: Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., WMC president; Prof. Albert C. Outler of Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; and the Rev. Harold Roberts, head of Richmond Theological College in England.

Substitutes named by WMC were: Dean Robert E. Cushman of Duke University Divinity School, Durham, N.C.; Dean José Miguez-Bonino of the Evangelical Theological School, Buenos Aires, Argentina; and the Rev. David A. Keighley of the British Methodist Church in Italy.

Survey Shows Suburban Areas Are Not Being Overchurched

Contrary to popular belief, a survey made by the National Council of Churches shows suburban areas are not being overchurched. They may not be getting their proportionate share of new congregations, the survey shows.

The interdenominational study of Protestant church extension was made over a three-year period. "Perhaps the most unexpected finding was that the denominations reported that only 28 percent of their new congregations were located in the metropolitan suburbs," it was stated. "Protestantism is not putting all its new church eggs in the suburban basket."

A survey by the Division of National Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions (June 1, 1958, to May 31, 1961) showed approximately the same findings:

"Only 142, or 29 percent, of the new congregations were started in the suburbs of cities [50,000 population and over]. However, the population of suburbs grew 49 percent in the last 10 years. Considering both percentages, the popular impression that church extension is primarily and almost exclusively a suburban phenomenon is not substantiated."

Even the idea of some critics that suburban churches are "religious country clubs" is being revised. One such critic has said:

"Gone were the days of creedless,

Architect's drawing shows $1.7 million edifice which will be built at the present location of First Church, Springfield, Ill. Space for episcopal headquarters for the Illinois Area will be made available to Bishop Edwin Edgar Voigt by the church.

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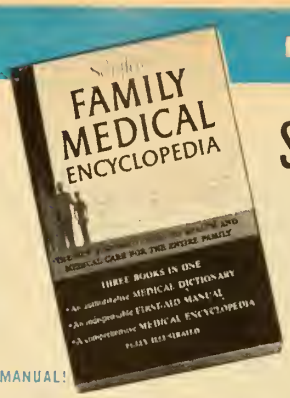

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merely gregarious Christian Clubs, and in their place—in response to criticism—were more and more parochial units that consciously wanted to be measured by the timeless norms of Christian life."

Youth Urged to Seek Out Own Ideas About Minority Groups

Methodist youth at the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship in Evansville, Ind., were urged by their president, Leslie Parish of Corpus Christi, Texas, to discard "public myths" concerning minority groups which lead to prejudices. He further urged them to form their own attitudes through personal encounter.

"You must suffer the confusion of thorough questioning and the pain of radically open encounter before you break through the barriers that prevent Christian brotherhood," Mr. Parish said.

Young people must "assume the burden of understanding how myths have invaded (their) attitudes," he emphasized.

Methodists in the News

Lewis O. Price of Montour Falls, N.Y., a lay missionary in the Philippines, has been named vice-president of Philippine Wesleyan College at Cabanatuan City.

Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of the Philadelphia Area has received the first honorary degree ever given a Methodist bishop by a Roman Catholic college—a doctor of letters from St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia.

The **Rev. John K. McKee** of Dallas, Texas, has become an editorial associate with the Board of Evangelism.

Dr. and Mrs. Bliss Wiant of Delaware, Ohio, have gone to Hong Kong to help in the programming of a new religious radio station.

Dr. Ralph Stoody of New York City has been elected chairman of the department of information of the World Methodist Council.

Dr. Blanche Tansil of Oxford, Miss., has been awarded a Certificate of Appreciation by the American National Red Cross for her distinguished service to humanity.

The **Rev. Herbert D. Garmon** of Leaksville, N.C., has been chosen "Fireman of the Year" by the North Carolina Firemen's Association. He has been a volunteer fireman in six different towns for 23 years.

A Time for Decision

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency No. 745/By ROY L. SMITH

ONE OF THE most influential men in our community was the speaker for our luncheon club. The theme of the meeting was the place of the church in the life of the city.

"In the more than 40 years that I have been a resident of this city," he said, "I have been called upon to make hundreds of decisions, some of them involving considerable sums of money, and others concerning public policies of great importance. But as the first word of my address today, I want to make a solemn statement.

"*The most important and creative decision I have ever made came in my 19th year when I decided to join the church. It has paid me the biggest dividends of any judgment at which I ever arrived.*"

The speaker did not mention that the church of Jesus Christ is not perfect. It is imperfect because we who make up the church are not faultless.

There are times when each of us is critical of the church. The preaching may seem extremely slow in supporting reforms. To some of us, the church appears to be cowardly or reactionary. To others, it seems to verge dangerously near to radicalism or heresy.

But, as the famed Methodist missionary, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, has said, "The church has many critics, but no rivals." The Christian church has survived betrayals, mistakes in judgment, hypocrisy, contentions—all sorts of human errors and sins. We can keep on criticizing the church—but let us help correct it in our devotion to it.

This brings us to the question of decision. Many persons are church members, yet they have not made the vital decision to accept Christ as their guide under all circumstances. Those who decide resolutely to let our Lord guide them discover that their uncertainties and confusions evaporate.

This does not mean that we can forget problems. Most of us find it necessary to renew the basic decision many times; but each time that we renew it, we again bring order into the midst of the confusion in our lives.

Again we are approaching a new year. It will be well to start it with fresh thinking—our own thinking, not other persons' prejudices and biases or their mistaken opinions and judgments. Let's make our own decisions and pray our own prayers. Let's confide in God as we would in an intimate friend.

Let's be independent and honest in our religious faith. Preachers, theologians, spiritual experts, and teachers can guide us, but our salvation depends upon our being absolutely honest in our own minds and with God.

Faith is not a blind submission to anything that happens in the belief that it is God's will. Rather, faith is a confident going-out to meet life with the assurance that God strengthens us for the greatest challenge.

So, after having decided to gain new strength and inspiration, let us, as we approach the new year, give thanks:

For the church of the risen Christ.

For the institution that asks the least for itself, and the most for those in need, of any organized body in our community.

For the fact that it holds up a perfect example before imperfect people, that it has accomplished so much with people so imperfect.

For the radius of its concerns which reach around the world for all people, for the great advance of its dreams over its achievements.

For the fact that it points to a life that was lived by Jesus of Nazareth rather than a philosophy which someone has contrived.

For the millions who turn to it, if at no other time than on a single Easter Sunday.

For the youths who submit themselves to its teachings one hour every week.

For the fact that it calls us to crosses and not to couches; for its alliance with justice, truth, mercy, and goodwill.

For the promise of the Holy Spirit with which it is empowered in every generation.

Several Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency *had been prepared by Dr. Smith prior to his death last April.* TOGETHER *will continue to use his material as long as it is available.*—EDITORS

Ignoring God's blessings while we are wrapped up in our self-centered interests stamps ingratitude as . . .

The Most Popular Sin

By *RALPH W. SOCKMAN*
Pastor-Emeritus, Christ Church (Methodist), New York City

SOME 60 YEARS ago, Charles F. Aked, minister of New York's Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, declared that "the most popular sin in the world" seems to be ingratitude. By the term "popular," he meant prevalent rather than admired or well liked. Dr. Aked went on to say, "It is one of the worst crimes in the big, black catalog of wrongdoing."

In his scathing denunciation of ingratitude, this modern Christian minister was in line with the Stoic philosopher Seneca, a contemporary of Jesus, who wrote: "Ingratitude is, of all crimes, that which we are to account the most venial in others and the most unpardonable in ourselves."

Why is the sin of ingratitude so prevalent? Perhaps one reason is that it is not painted in such lurid colors as some other sins, like murder, theft, or adultery.

The boy away at school, who receives his father's money and his mother's messages without writing for weeks or months, very probably does not stop to think how heavy the hearts of his parents are made by his neglect.

Also, ungratefulness may be due to lack of imagination. A young son or daughter leaves the parental home to make a living in the city. Engrossed in activities and pleasures, the youth does not take pains to picture how the parents, in some quieter place or perhaps on the shelf of inactivity, wait for letters.

Perhaps such neglect seems a rather pale sort of sin, but it bears resemblance to the inattention condemned by Jesus in his picture of the last judgment. A follower of Christ is expected to note human needs, and a thoughtful, decent, kind person does see them.

Moreover, ingratitude may spring from a lack of sensitivity. Some persons do not have the fineness of nature to appreciate the niceties of life and to feel the moods of others. A gentleman has been defined as one who never puts his rights before the feelings of others or his feelings before the rights of others. But the coarse-grained fellow is not likely to notice the little favors and courtesies accorded him by others or to feel the hurts and disappointments caused by his own failure to show appreciation.

Aesop sharpened this point in his oft-told fable of Androcles and the lion. No doubt the story is familiar through the literary portrayal of it by George Bernard Shaw and others. But perhaps not so well known are the words which Aesop added to the fable: "Gratitude is the sign of noble souls."

A fine nature feels grateful for the goodwill which lurks below the surface of so many ordinary, daily, personal contacts and for the unlabeled kindnesses which rise above the line of duty even in our hard, competitive society. To little courtesies and considerations, and even to larger benefits, a coarse person is blind.

YES, AND ingratitude is due also to lack of humility. Many of us become so filled with a sense of our own importance that we take everything that is done for us as if it were our due. We develop a creditor complex, and many of us look upon others as owing us more than we are getting. We bemoan the poor values we get for our money. We denounce the government for the heaviness of our taxes, forgetting that, despite the extravagance and wastefulness of governmental organizations, most of us are not fully paying for the freedoms and securities we enjoy.

And as for our indebtedness to God, we are prone to forget about him in the midst of what we think we have done for ourselves. The early Hebrew lawmakers understood man's tendency to ingratitude. In the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy is this counsel to the pioneers of Israel:

"Take heed . . . lest, when you have eaten and are full, and have built goodly houses and live in them . . . and your silver and gold is multiplied . . . then your heart be lifted up, and you forget the Lord your God. . . . Beware lest you say in your heart, 'My power and the might of my hand have gotten me this wealth.'"

This proneness to forget God as the giver of our blessings increases with the methods of modern living.

Condensed from Dr. Ralph W. Sockman's latest book, Whom Christ Commended. *Copyright © 1963 by Abingdon Press.*

More and more, we are leaving the soil for the city, thus removing ourselves from the firsthand reminders of our dependence on God. Living and working amidst man-made things, we forget the forces of fertility.

Instead of being humbly grateful to God and our fellowmen for what they have done *for* us, we seem to be increasingly fearful and fretful about what men will do *to* us.

Among the various causes of ingratitude, perhaps the most prolific is greed. Recall another of Aesop's fables. A wolf had been gorging on an animal which he had killed. A bone became stuck in his throat. He groaned and howled for help. At last, a crane agreed to try. "I would give anything if you would take it out," cried the wolf. The crane put his long neck down the wolf's throat and pulled out the bone.

When the crane asked for his reward, the wolf grinned and showed his teeth, saying: "Be content. You have just put your head inside a wolf's mouth and taken it out again in safety; that ought to be reward enough for you." At the end of the fable, Aesop put these words: "Gratitude and greed go not together."

In the Gospel record, only one of the 10 cleansed lepers went back to thank the healer. Probably present-day physicians could not testify to such a low percentage. Many of my medical friends show me generous gifts from their "GPs"—their grateful patients. But when we survey in broad perspective the gratitude given in proportion to benefits received, perhaps Dr. Aked was right in calling ingratitude the most popular —that is, the most prevalent—sin in the world.

Having considered the causes of ingratitude, we now ask, Why is it so sinful?

It may seem a bit strange that Jesus should call attention to the nine lepers who did not return to thank him. He had taught that his followers should serve without looking for reward. He had counseled: "When you give alms, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your alms may be in secret" (Matthew 6:3-4).

Certainly Jesus did not condemn the nine and commend the grateful one because he desired praise for himself. He was pointing to the basic iniquity of ingratitude. It is a trait which we abhor when it really becomes apparent to us. The ungrateful child who leaves his parents to poverty or suffering while he goes on to pleasure and comfort; the ingrate who accepts hospitality and help without any effort to repay; the fellow who receives the favors of a friend and says belittling things behind his back—such persons are despicable. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in *The School for Scandal,* makes a character say: "When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it."

What makes the deed of Judas Iscariot the symbol of sin's deepest thrust? It was that he had been the trusted recipient of Jesus' highest favors. We may rationalize Judas' act as his misguided judgment in trying to force Jesus to show his latent power, but the fact of his ingratitude remains.

In a sense, gratitude is the source of religion in the soul. Only a grateful person really believes in God because he alone acknowledges God as the source of his life and being. Those who say that religion is born out of fear forget that human nature feels an ingrained necessity to give thanks at some times.

Recently I was on an airplane when the captain announced that our landing gear was out of order. As we circled around for almost an hour, I felt fear. I prayed to God. We were told to put our heads down between our knees. I found that required more effort than when I was a boy, but the posture added to the intensity of my praying! When finally we came down to a safe landing, a surge of gratitude engulfed my spirit which was more truly religious than my petitions for safety when aware of peril.

There is the seed of gratitude in every human breast, however hardhearted. There is an impulse to be thankful, just as there is an impulse in the lark to sing. It may be muted. It may be neglected nearly to the point of decay. But it is there, and this seed of gratefulness must be cultivated if a person is to become healthy.

Gratitude is a visibly self-rewarding virtue. It makes for happiness. It inspires the mind with lively impressions and tends to beget an habitual cheerfulness unknown to those who have it not.

If gratitude is so necessary to health and happiness, how can it be cultivated? One suggestion is a better use of the resources of memory. Contemporary Christianity has been emphasizing faith and hope to the neglect of memory. We might learn a bit of wisdom from the Persian vizier who is reported to have had in his palace a room called the "chamber of memory" in which he would spend an hour each day reminding himself how much he owed to those who had gone before him.

Henry Nelson Wieman once suggested that, just as the devout Roman Catholic has a string of beads called a rosary to keep track of his prayers, so each of us should make a mental rosary of his most precious memories, including the beauty he has seen, the fellowship he has enjoyed, and the varied good gifts which life has brought. Of course we need no visible beads, but we should run over these memories and give thanks to God for each separate favor.

WHEN our minds stir among our memories, we begin to feel deeply grateful for the blessings we take for granted in this land so "beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern impassioned stress a thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness."

And when we start counting our mental rosary of blessings, our memories go back to the Christian church which, through the centuries, has been trying to lead us in the paths of righteousness and point the way to the life everlasting. And back of the church we see the Christ who laid down his life that we might live and who triumphed over death, thus demonstrating that goodness is too great for the grave. And back of the Christ is the heavenly Father who so loved the world that he gave his only Son to redeem us.

A silent Vermont farmer on his golden wedding anniversary is reported to have broken into speech and to have said to his wife: "Sarah, I have loved you

so much that sometimes I could hardly keep from telling you." Love can be kept like that for a long time in a deep freeze of silence, but it loses the rich flavor of romance.

And the silence may prove tragic, as in the case of Thomas Carlyle, who loved his wife but did not appreciate the fine quality of her affection and did not express his gratitude for her rich contribution to his own work. After her death, when the tears of regret and sorrow gushed through his gaunt fingers, he cried: "If I had only known."

Recently a couple nearing the rocks of divorce reported to me their visit to a psychiatrist. He told them that they had been harboring their resentments. Suppose they had been husbanding their gratitude. Where husband and wife cultivate the art of expressing appreciation to each other, there is less likelihood of running to professionals for family counseling.

Under the persecution of the first centuries, the followers of Christ did not go about in a mood of complaint, pleading for pity and protection. They sang praises. They sang in prison. Even on the cross, Christ's last words came from psalms heard in his youth.

Christianity has inspired more joyous praise than the other leading religions. Buddhism sings no hymns of utter joy. Its symbol is an idol that looks peaceful but impassive. Muhammadanism has little liturgy of praise. And George Buttrick asserts: "Incidentally, Protestantism has more outright thanksgiving than Romanism, as witness the hymns Luther sang before his conversion compared with those he wrote and composed afterward; for Romanism still trusts in part to man's works of penance, while Protestantism leans on nothing but the sheer grace of God revealed in Jesus." *

Note also that true Christians have discovered the deep sources of gratitude which physical sufferings cannot dry up. One of the most-used hymns of the Christian church is Martin Rinkart's *Now Thank We All Our God.* That hymn of the 17th century was composed after a war, famine, and pestilence by a minister who had buried so many loved ones that by the world's tests he should have fallen victim to morbid bitterness. Yet hear him:

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way.
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

A person, a home, a nation, a church cannot be made "well" unless it be grateful. Our praying should have less pleading and more praising.

Ten lepers besought Christ to cleanse them. Only one came back to bless him. That grateful leper not only was made whole, but his spirit has been a healing force through the centuries.

* *The Interpreter's Bible* (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1952), volume VIII, page 299.—Eds.

Retired

. . But Still No. 1

By JAMES M. WALL
Managing Editor, *Christian Advocate*

RALPH W. Sockman is a living contradiction. He has never preached for popularity—but his preaching has made him the best-known preacher in 20th-century Methodism. Scholarly and dignified, he does not appear the type to actively involve himself in social-action causes—yet during the Freedom March on Washington last August, there he was with the rest [see picture, November, page 4].

Even his retirement falls into this reverse pattern. It began two years ago this month, but today, says his wife Zellah, "He is busier than ever and loving every minute of it."

Still, there is a consistency about this man whom a parishioner said "looks like Adolphe Menjou but acts like John Wesley." He always has spoken his mind, even when he knows he is not backed by public opinion.

At the height of the "positive thinking" craze that swept American Protestantism during the 1950s, Dr. Sockman declared: "The church must rise above the current emphasis on religion as security and revive its original gospel of salvation."

And before World War II, Dr. Sockman—an ardent pacifist long active in Methodist peace organizations—refused to use his influential pulpit at Christ Church (Methodist) in New York City to wage a holy war against Germany and Japan. Even during the war, he cautioned: "Since we as a nation now are committed to the use of force, let us use it in the spirit of police putting down international lawlessness and not in a spirit of hatred." Time has proved him correct.

Dr. Sockman has never had to resort to a popular-preacher image to retain a following. In a day when most radio preaching jangled the nerves, his quiet voice sounded in millions of American homes during his 33-year radio ministry on the *National Radio Pulpit*.

In this way he reached an estimated 5 million listeners weekly.

That voice returned to the air this fall when the National Broadcasting Company celebrated the 40th anniversary of the *Pulpit* program, with Dr. Sockman as guest preacher.

Thomas E. Stephens' portrait of Dr. Sockman hangs in the first-floor lounge of the Interchurch Center at 475 Riverside Drive in New York.

In the pulpit at Christ Church on New York's Park Avenue—now served by Dr. Harold A. Bosley—Dr. Sockman preached to a congregation regularly comprised of from 50 to 80 percent visitors. "Hearing Sockman preach" was as essential for a Methodist tourist in New York as a visit to United Nations headquarters. Other thousands were exposed to his warm blend of scholarship and personal counsel through lectures, newspaper columns, and more than 20 books.

These activities brought Dr. Sockman fame extending far beyond the boundaries of his own denomination, and might have tempted a lesser man to adapt his message to please the largest possible audience. But in his 44-year ministry at Christ Church, his sermons consistently represented American liberal theology at its best: realistic about society, confident about God, and hopeful that God can work through man to improve society.

"In my seminary days," Dr. Sockman recalls, "we preachers thought we were actually going to build God's kingdom here on earth. Every kind action was another brick in the structure." However, the sobering effect of two world wars has focused this enthusiasm more on man's need for God in his daily struggles.

"Contemporary theology," he observes, "is not so optimistic about man as we were early in this century, and this is a good thing. But I am concerned that we not cut the nerve of social concern as we wait for God to act." [*See* What My Religion Means to Me, *October, 1957, page 10.*]

Waiting is not characteristic of Dr. Sockman, who presently serves as director of the Hall of Fame [see *What Makes a Man Great?* October, 1960, page 14], and is constantly on the road lecturing and preaching. The Hall of Fame position gives him a base in New York City and allows him to pursue his interest in the intrinsic value of each human spirit, but it has not slowed his pace. His speaking schedule is booked solid for three years!

Another reason the Sockman image is such a contradiction is his defiance of the rules some preachers follow to gain acceptance. In a culture which is supposed to frown on eggheads, his scholarly but personally persuasive radio sermons consistently brought him 5,000 letters a week from American listeners of all faiths.

In recent decades, while many Protestant ministers turned more and more attention to church administration, Dr. Sockman continued to concentrate on preaching. "The churches today are better organized than they are pulpitized," he says. "I just happen to think that there's more need for strong preaching than for administration."

Today, he still is generally acknowledged as the best Protestant preacher in the country. Admired by laymen, he also has set a pattern for many fellow clergymen who now follow his example and devote more time to study and less time to the office. He has become something of a legendary figure in a period of American history which has been unusually hard on its heroes, especially the religious ones.

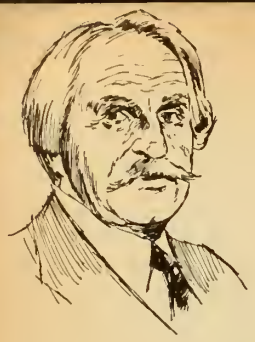
Dr. Sockman's skill in communication is due in part to his amazing mastery of the English language. He began early to develop this mastery. As a farm boy in Mount Vernon, Ohio, he got his first speaking experience talking to the cows to keep up his courage as he brought them into the barn at night. Later, as a student at Ohio Wesleyan University, he joined the debating team, and earned the coveted key of Phi Beta Kappa.

But perhaps the real secret to his power of communication is his person-centered approach. The discipline of speaking to radio millions has kept his message relevant to the primary concerns of his hearers. He has his burning interests, of course—world peace is one of them—but no hobby horses dominate his messages.

Methodists think of Ralph W. Sockman in many ways. The more ambitious recall him as the man who three times turned down the opportunity to be elected a bishop. Preachers who have served many churches marvel that he remained in one for his entire ministry.

But his listening and reading public thinks of him best as the preacher whose sermons always reflect his personal counseling philosophy:

"I believe in the Gospel of the second chance."



My First Christmas Tree

By HAMLIN GARLAND, author of the "Middle Border" books

I WILL BEGIN by saying that we never had a Christmas tree in our house in the Wisconsin coulee. But we celebrated Christmas in those days, always, and I cannot remember a time when we did not all hang up our stockings for "Sandy Claws" to fill.

As I look back upon those days it seems as if the snows were always deep, the night skies crystal clear, and the stars especially lustrous with frosty sparkles of blue and yellow fire—and probably this was so, for we lived in a northern land where winter was usually stern and always long.

I recall one Christmas when "Sandy" brought me a sled and a horse that stood on rollers—a wonderful tin horse which I very shortly split in two in order to see what his insides were. Father traded a cord of wood for the sled, and the horse cost 20¢—but they made the day wonderful.

We had no chimney in our home, but the stocking-hanging was a ceremony, nevertheless. My parents, and especially my mother, entered into it with the best of humor. They always put up their own stockings or permitted us to do it for them—and they always laughed next morning when they found potatoes or ears of corn in them. I can see now that my mother's laugh had a tear in it, for she loved pretty things and seldom got any during the years that we lived in the coulee.

When I was 10 years old, we moved to Mitchell County, an Iowa prairie land, and there our stockings always held toys of some sort, and even my mother's stocking occasionally sagged with a simple piece of jewelry or a new comb or brush. But the thought of a family tree remained the luxury of millionaire city dwellers.

The land about us was only partly cultivated at this time, and our district schoolhouse, a bare little box, was set bleakly on the prairie; but the Burr Oak schoolhouse was not only larger but it stood beneath great oaks as well and possessed the charm of a forest background through which a stream ran swiftly and silently. Here it was that I saw my first Christmas tree.

I walked to that tree across four miles of moonlit snow. Snow? No, it was a floor of diamonds, a magical world, so beautiful that my heart still aches with the wonder of it and with the regret that it has all gone—gone with the keen eyes and the bounding pulses of the boy.

Our home at this time was a small frame house on the prairie; and as it was too cold to take the horses out, my brother and I, with our tall boots, our visored caps, and our long woolen mufflers, started forth afoot defiant of the cold. We left the gate on the trot, bound for a sight of the glittering unknown. The snow was deep, and we moved side by side in the grooves made by the hooves of the horses, setting our feet in the shine left by the broad shoes of the wood sleighs whose going had smoothed the way for us.

OUR breaths rose like smoke in the still air. It must have been 10 below zero, but that did not trouble us in those days, and at last we came in sight of the lights, in sound of the singing, the laughter, and the merry bells of the feast.

It was a poor little building without tower or bell, and its low walls had but three windows on a side; yet it seemed very imposing to me that night as I crossed the threshold and faced the strange people who packed it to the door. I say "strange people" for, though I had seen most of them many times, they all seemed somehow alien to me that night.

I was an irregular attendant at Sunday school and did not expect a present. Therefore I stood against the wall and gazed with open-eyed marveling at the shining pine which stood where the pulpit was wont to be.

I was made to feel the more embarrassed by reason of the remark of a boy who accused me of having forgotten to comb my hair.

This was not true, but the cap I wore always matted my hair down

"A lovely girl with a gentle smile handed him a bag of popcorn. When she came to me, saying sweetly, 'Here's something for you,' I had not words to thank her."

READER'S CHOICE

As a restless youth on a Dakota homestead in the 1880s, Hamlin Garland was urged by a visiting Methodist minister to go to Boston to study—and, perhaps, write. Encouraged, and aided with letters of introduction, Garland began in a Boston attic a career that won him fame as an interpreter of America's heartland—which he named the "Middle Border." The minister, always remembered warmly by the author, was the Rev. James W. Bashford—later a bishop in China.

In *My First Christmas Tree*, Garland captures the special aura of Christmas—a glow somehow the same in prairie schoolhouse or city apartment. Many thanks and a $25 check go to Richard Dunlop, who suggested this story for *Reader's Choice*. It was copyrighted in 1911 by the Curtis Publishing Company, first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and is reprinted by special permission.

—EDS.

getting along Together

After a night of high winds and snow, I was pleased to see at least part of my primary class in place Sunday morning. "I wasn't sure I'd have a class this morning," I remarked.

"I wasn't sure either," piped one little fellow. "But my mother said, 'If that pickup can take the hounds all over the country tracking coyotes through the snow, it can take us to church school.' So it did."

—Mrs. Jerome Anderson, *Craig, Nebr.*

Our pastor has an idea which might well be followed by all parents of adopted children. The child's regular birthday is observed in the usual manner—but a special birthday celebration is held on each anniversary of her adoption. Surely this makes the child feel really wanted!

—Mrs. Chester Merrill, *Beresford, S.Dak.*

During a recent stay in the hospital, I was surprised by a visit from a total stranger who cheerfully chatted with me for a pleasant half hour.

I thanked her for the visit, then asked what loved one she had in the hospital.

"Oh, I don't have anyone here," she answered smilingly. "It's just that I pass here every day on my way home from work, and I feel guilty that I'm so healthy when there are so many sick folks. So, I just drop in for a visit with anyone who wants me."

On succeeding days I heard her cheerful voice in the hall, and knew that others were enjoying a visit because of her good health and good heart.

—Loma G. Chandler, *Shreveport, La.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

over my brow, and then, when I lifted it off, invariably disarranged it completely. Nevertheless I felt guilty—and hot. I don't suppose my hair was artistically barbered that night—I rather guess Mother had used the shears—and I can believe that I looked the half-wild colt that I was; but there was no call for that youth to direct attention to my unavoidable shagginess.

I don't think the tree had many candles, and I don't remember that it glittered with golden apples. But it was loaded with presents, and the girls coming and going clothed in bright garments made me forget my own looks. I think I must have stood agape for nearly two hours listening to the songs.

A furious jingling of bells, a loud voice outside, the lifting of a window, and the nearer clash of bells, and the dear old Saint appeared clothed in a red robe, a belt of sleigh bells, and a long white beard. The children cried out, "Oh!" The girls tittered and shrieked with excitement, and the boys laughed and clapped their hands. Then "Sandy" made a little speech about being glad to see us all, but as he had many other places to visit, and as there were a great many presents to distribute, he guessed he'd have to ask some of the many pretty girls to help him. So he called upon Betty Burtch and Hattie Knapp—and I for one admired his taste, for they were among the most popular maids of the school.

THEY came up blushing and a little bewildered by the blaze of publicity thus blown upon them. But their native dignity asserted itself, and the distribution of the presents began. I have a notion now that the fruit upon the tree was mostly bags of popcorn and "corny copias" of candy, but as my brother and I stood there that night and saw everybody, even the rowdiest boy, getting something we felt aggrieved and rebellious. We forgot that we had come from afar—we only knew that we were being left out.

But suddenly, in the midst of our gloom, my brother's name was called, and a lovely girl with a gentle smile handed him a bag of popcorn. My heart glowed with gratitude. Somebody had thought of us; and when she came to me, saying sweetly, "Here's something for you," I had not words to thank her.

Her smile, her outstretched hand, her sympathetic eyes are vividly before me as I write. She was sorry for the shock-headed boy who stood against the wall, and her pity made the little box of candy a casket of pearls.

At last I had to take my final glimpse of that wondrous tree, and I well remember the walk home. My brother and I traveled in wordless companionship. The moon was sinking toward the west, and the snow crust gleamed with a million fairy lamps. The sentinel watchdogs barked from lonely farmhouses, and the wolves answered from the ridges. Now and then, sleighs passed us with lovers sitting two and two, and the bells on their horses had the remote music of romance to us whose boots drummed like clogs of wood upon the icy road.

Our house was dark as we approached and entered it, but how deliciously warm it seemed after the pitiless wind! I confess we made straight for the cupboard for a mince pie, a doughnut, and a bowl of milk!

As I write this there stands in my library a thick-branched, beautifully tapering fir tree covered with the gold and purple apples of Hesperides, together with crystal ice points, green and red and yellow candles, clusters of gilded grapes, wreaths of metallic frost, and glittering angels swinging in ecstasy; but I doubt if my children will ever know the keen pleasure (that is almost pain) which came to my brother and to me in those Christmas days when an orange was not a breakfast fruit but a casket of incense and of spice, and a message from the sunlands of the South.

That was our compensation—we brought to our Christmastime a keen appetite and empty hands. And the lesson of it all is, if we are seeking a lesson, that it is better to give to those who want than to those for whom "we ought to do something because they did something for us last year."

Ready for Christmas?

By FAIN MATTHEWS WILLIAMS

ARE YOU ready for Christmas?

"Heavens, no! I have a million things to do!" we groan. Or, finally: "All ready!"

The white-sprayed Christmas tree covered with oversized dark-blue butterflies stands in sterile and stately splendor in the bay window.

Felt stockings, big enough for a giant's foot and covered with 16 kinds of sequins, gleam as they hang from the mantel.

Three round-mouthed plastic choirboys stand stoically on the front lawn staring vacantly at the passing traffic. The colored lights that illumine them blink off and on.

The arrangement of pink feathers, gilded nuts, and glitter-covered styrofoam balls adorns the dining-room table, and red tissue-paper poinsettias share honors with the three-foot candle on the buffet.

Two hundred and fifty-four Christmas cards stand in orderly stacks, stamped and sealed and ready for the mail box. Inside their chaste white envelopes, plump Santas and cunning cocker spaniels shout, "Merry Christmas!" while bare-bottomed cherubs romp over a cloud-filled sky, chanting, "Hope your holidays are heavenly!"

The freezer holds boxes of Christmas cookies and candy. The rich aroma of fruitcake fills the kitchen air. The pantry is crowded with holiday foods.

Cupboards and closets are full of packages. Hidden under the bed are boxes and bags of gifts.

The invitations are issued for the "open house" and the baby-sitter is signed up for all the dinners, buffets, and dances that crowd the holiday calendar.

Presents are ready for the schoolteachers, the milkman, the mailman, the laundry boy, the trash man, the cleaning woman, the beauty operator, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker.

Plans are complete for the schoolroom party. Punch and cookies and favors are in the making, and the costumes are made for the school Christmas pageant.

The coloring books and crayons for the children in the hospital are ready to take to church school, along with canned goods to help fill a "needy" basket.

All the broken and discarded toys are collected to take to the firehouse for the firemen to repair for the poor. Outgrown and worn clothing has been donated to the Salvation Army.

The angel costume is laundered for the church program and an appropriate flannel bathrobe will transform a small boy into a Wise Man. Extra ornaments are ready to take to the family-night supper to decorate the church Christmas tree.

Rolls of bright ribbon and remnants of glittering foil wait for last-minute gift wrapping, and bits of cellophane tape cling to the carpet.

Back aching, temper short, feet burning, pocketbook empty, we say, with pride, "Yes, I'm ready! All ready for Christmas!"

Thus we prepare. Thus we make ready for the most important anniversary in the history of the universe. Thus we celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ. The glorious news that a Savior is born is once again proclaimed. A babe destined to die on a cross for the sins of all mankind is born this day in the city of Bethlehem. God, in the form of an infant, is come to earth to live and grow, to work and suffer, and to die as one of us.

And we are ready for Christmas?

With pink Christmas trees and a wreath made of four kinds of macaroni? With transistor radios and Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer? With styrofoam and a can of gold spray? With too many parties? With plastic angels that glow in the dark and blown-glass Wise Men and a 98¢ manger set for the tree?

With too many presents? With dolls that wet their diapers and teen-age dolls complete with car and boyfriend? With mechanical monsters that walk and talk and shoot rockets from their heads? With too much food and too little time to digest it? With contests that reward the most ostentatious yard decorations?

With a three-wheeled wagon, a coloring book, a can of peas, and a ravelled sweater for sweet charity? With electric can openers? With cashmere socks? With mink earmuffs and gold-plated toothpicks? With Christmas cards featuring a burning cigarette whose smoke leisurely spells out "Holiday Greetings"?

How about it? Are *you* ready for Christmas?

A grieving widow finds Christmastime has

A PARTICULAR MAGIC

By CLARE HAYS

AS I SAT by the window that afternoon, I saw only dimly the glint of the sun on the whitecaps and the antics of the sea lions in the blue-gray Pacific far below. Christmas was only nine days away, but for me the usual joy of the season was hidden by a shroud of loneliness.

Two years before, my husband Jim and I had moved from the city to this cliffside dwelling in beautiful Oceanside, Oreg. Here we started living *The Dream,* in which Jim, tall, blithe, and gifted, would be freed of a demanding job to do what he had always wanted to do: write.

Our life was rich with new freedom and an even closer companionship than when he had a job and our children were small.

Then, three months before Christmas, Jim—tanned and vigorous—waved good-by as he left for an afternoon of golf. It was his final farewell. In the midst of the game, he suddenly collapsed—dead of a heart attack.

It had been so unexpected that I still found myself listening for his footsteps, for the click of his typewriter, for his warm laughter.

And now—Christmas! He had been the spirit of it, from the first year when we had only a tiny tree and a few cheap ornaments to Christmas with the children and a festive tree which brushed the ceiling.

When Patty and Jimmy were very young, Jim decorated the windows so artistically that they became a feature of our holiday festivities. I thought of last year, when kneeling angels adorned our windows to the delight of our grandchildren.

This first Christmas without Jim also would be the first that Patty and Jimmy would not celebrate at home! They had their own homes now and had pointed out that it would be easier for me, all alone, to go to them. So, never again would I be making joyful yuletide preparations for a family's homecoming.

"I'm not decorating for Christmas this year," I told a neighbor—not adding, but knowing, I never would again.

It was about four in the afternoon a few days later when a logger's wife and two of her seven children came to my door, their arms loaded with cedar. "We got this in the woods for you," they said shyly.

I knew that the lumber mill had been idle for several weeks. Seven children and Christmas without a pay check—yet they were aghast at my offer to pay them!

"Oh, no!" the mother said, the children agreeing with wide-eyed shakes of their heads. "This is just our Merry Christmas to you!"

I thanked them, gathered up the armloads of fragrant boughs, and carried them to the garage, breathing in their woodsy scent. Bless that family's good intentions, anyway! I broke off a few sprays and arranged them along the mantle. Later, I might add a candle.

That evening the wife of a YMCA secretary living a few blocks away dropped by, her two small sons telling me excitedly about their Christmas tree.

"Last year," the older boy said, "you had outdoor lights along your roof. Where are they? Aren't you gonna put them up?"

I tried to explain in terms a five-year-old would understand:

"I'm not a good enough climber, Jeff, and I don't have a low tree in my yard to string them on. So I just can't use them this year."

Early the next morning my doorbell rang, and there stood a beaming Jeff. His father was wrestling from their car a noble fir in a small tub—

a tree about my height which he obviously had dug up and potted before going to work.

"Where—outdoors—do you want this?" the father laughed.

For a moment, I was stunned. Oh, no! I did not want—. Then I saw Jeff's radiant face. So, flustered, I had them help me decide on a spot, and they drove happily away.

Now I would *have* to use those lights. Steeling myself against a devastating surge of memories, I went to the attic to invade Jim's special Christmas corner. Here in the awful silence was everything as he had left it. Through a flood of tears, I found the lights, a can of silver paint—even a roll of red foil to cover the tub. Outdoors again and breathing the brisk sea air, I thought of how pleased Jeff and his little brother, Timmy, would be whenever they passed by.

Coming through the garage, I had been guiltily aware of the cedar boughs still lying where I had dumped them. Wouldn't the logger's family look for a sign that I had used their gift, too? I *could* . . . I'd seen Jim make cedar wreaths. Last summer we had even gathered some big pine cones "for this year's wreath." I sprayed the cones silver. They were lovely against the green cedar, and when I attached the red bow I was amazed at how professional it looked.

I was hanging the wreath when a florist truck drove up with the driver, bewildered by Oceanside's lack of house numbers, calling, "Can you tell me where to find Mrs. Hays?"

Surprised, I opened the tall package he left and found the most beautiful poinsettia I had ever seen —five huge blooms in a pot gorgeous with red ribbon and gold ornaments. The card was signed by the hospital anesthetist who lived up the street.

Around that plant my plain house screamed its lack of seasonal brightness. Even the sprigs of cedar needed color. If Irene, the poinsettia's donor, should happen in, she could be embarrassed at having sent too gay a gift to this house of mourning!

Under the spell of the plant, I dug out Christmas figurines and candles, brought in more cedar, and created gay areas about the house, so absorbed that I caught myself once briefly humming *Silent Night*.

That weekend, old friends Lloyd and Bernice Hughey came from Portland to their summer cottage on our street and stopped to insist that I go with them into the woods for a tree. I protested quickly that I was not having one this year.

"Come along, anyway," they urged. "You'll enjoy the woods."

Two trees clung precariously to the Hughey car when we returned to the house. Lloyd got out.

"Now, get your tree stand," he ordered as I began to protest. "Get the stand. I'll set it up."

He did—in the corner by a big window where one had stood the year before. I was left alone with a beautiful fir that touched the ceiling. But how could I possibly bear trimming it—and remembering?

THE box of decorations I lugged downstairs held the memories of every past happy Christmas, for we had kept ornaments from our first tree. There was one Jimmy had chosen. I remembered how his dad had held him up to hang it.

The doorbell! Hastily I wiped my eyes and admitted Bernice, carrying a pot of coffee. "Nobody should trim a tree alone," she chuckled. "Not when I'm around, anyway. Let's have some coffee."

With the accompaniment of her happy chatter, the job was finished quickly, from the angel to the last strand of silver foil.

That night, as I turned on the lights of the indoor and outdoor trees, a faint answering glow seemed to come from deep within me. And my phone began to ring—neighbors on the streets above and below calling to say how bright and lovely my place looked. "Makes the whole hill more cheerful!" one of them added.

That's when I thought of it: bless my neighbors! Except for them I would be sitting in the dark, my thoughts turned inward. Why not share with them *all* my decorated house?

"I wonder," I ventured to my last caller, "how it would be if I had an open house—say a couple of days before Christmas—and invited everybody in town. You think they'd come, or would they be too busy?"

"They'd love it!" she assured me. "We have so many different interests we hardly have a chance to know one another."

The next day at the post office I told the neighbors I saw. They promised to spread the news. I went home, excitedly planning the shopping and baking I must do. Young mothers would bring their small children. I would have Christmas cookies and little cakes for them.

I was absorbed in preparations when Patty phoned from Portland:

"Hoped I could persuade you to come up early. Why don't you come tonight?"

"Oh, I can't *possibly!* I'm giving a big party day after tomorrow!"

"You're *what?"* she gasped.

"A party," I laughed. "Everybody in Oceanside. Well, really, the women. The men will be at work."

There was stunned silence from my first-born. "Oh," she said finally. "That's nice. That's wonderful! Well, we'll all come home with you on the weekend between Christmas and New Year's. 'Bye!"

So the children would be here during the holidays, after all! Looking about, trying to imagine my festive house through their eyes, I kept noticing the bare windows. They would be a constant sad reminder to the family.

Well, I could try doing windows. Nothing so elaborate as Jim's. Something simple, but colorful. I worked painstakingly with poster paints.

The afternoon of my open house came and so did the women of Oceanside. That invitation had had door-to-door delivery! They came in shifts—young mothers with their toddlers, older women, the bride I had never seen before. They came from the finest houses and the tiniest cottages. My large living room was filled with friendly chatter and the happy laughter of children.

That night, as I sat pleasantly exhausted in a room that seemed to echo the happy voices of the day, a group of youthful carolers circled the window outside and began singing, *Hark! the herald angels sing* . . . Listening to their exuberant voices, I realized that the particular magic of the season had turned my thoughts properly outward again, away from myself—and that, as surely as God's love manifests itself in mysterious ways, I never again would feel alone in my grief.

Are Our Creeds Relevant Today?

The dictionary defines a creed as "a brief, authoritative formula of religious beliefs." A lot of people, seemingly confused by the exploding concepts of the universe, the pressure of new loyalties, and other divergent pulls in this Space Age, are wondering if the Christian creeds are meaningful today. We asked a layman to express the uncertainty he shares with many others, and three church leaders to comment on the creeds as a cornerstone of faith in a troubled world.—**Eds.**

"The creeds fail to provide a dependable anchor."

Says Ellis W. King
Methodist Layman, Arlington Heights, Ill.

JUST WHAT does a Methodist believe?

We hear this question on every side today, and it poses a real challenge to those who want to witness for their faith. The very fact that it is raised—even by Methodists—suggests that our existing creeds, which should be the foundation stones of a clear statement of belief, are not meeting the needs of this age.

Like most laymen, the three creeds with which I am most familiar are those printed in The Methodist Hymnal (page 512). The first is the Apostles' Creed, oldest and best known of the Christian affirmations of faith. The other two were written in this century by theologian Edwin Lewis and Methodist Bishop Herbert Welch. Supplementing these creeds for Methodists are the 27 *Articles of Religion* and the *General Rules* set down by John Wesley for the societies he founded in 18th-century England, and such other documents as the Methodist Social Creed.

But when someone asks, "What do we Methodists believe?" the average laymen is stumped for a concise answer. Turning to the creeds in the hymnal, he can find license either to interpret the Bible literally or to fashion his own interpretations.

Formulating a set of beliefs for guidance in everyday living is, at best, a difficult procedure. The complex nature of our society makes it even more frustrating today. It is not surprising, then, that many Methodists lack not only an understanding of the distinctive characteristics of their denomination, but also a practical guide to the resolution of everyday problems from a Christian perspective.

To join The Methodist Church, we need endorse no creed. We are asked to meet only two requirements for membership: (1) accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, and (2) accept the Christian faith as contained in the New Testament. We are urged to study the life and teachings of Christ, apply what we learn to daily life, and to support our church.

From that point on, however, the individual member is left largely on his own. The degree to which an individual interprets, reinterprets, and applies the Christian faith in terms of his own experience—as he must if his is a vital faith—is entirely his own affair. It is at this point, I feel, that the church should give members a strong push. This could be done, I believe, by restating creedal beliefs in today's language.

Two basic problems seem to stand in the way of proper utilization of the creeds as they now exist: (1) some members feel that the creeds are not relevant to today's living, and (2) some members give no thought to the meaning of the creeds because they do not seem to apply to daily living.

These are facets of a grave general problem facing all Christendom: being relevant. Only 63.4 percent of the U.S. population claims any affiliation with a church or synagogue. All of us have neighbors—well-educated, pleasant, moral men and women—who are unmoved by the appeal of any faith. More important, the churches often have fallen flat trying to get the gospel message through to young adults, college students, and even high schoolers. If this communication failure continues, where will Christianity be 100 years from now?

Through the years, too, there has developed a reluctance on the part of churches to insist that members know the meaning of accepting Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior and how they can apply this basic perspective to all problems and decisions. This often leads members of a local church to a kind of passive acceptance of whatever religious interpretations are dominant in that congregation. In their daily lives, they may apply completely different standards.

How can this ambivalence be overcome? A first step, it seems to me, is a meaningful interpretation of the creeds which makes them personal, universal, and up to date. What was meaningful for the early church simply is not meaningful and understandable enough today.

Let me emphasize that I do not advocate scrapping existing creeds. But the Bible has been translated

into modern English. Why not the creeds?

Nor am I proposing actual revision of the creeds. I am speaking simply of interpreting the creeds in the language of today so they become more meaningful in this complex and troubled time.

A fresh interpretation of the creeds would be an invaluable teaching aid in our churches, and could be a real anchor of religious faith for many who now flounder when they try to apply the creeds to daily living. It also would be a means of telling Christians what is expected of them and of making them continually aware of their obligation to act accordingly.

What a challenging answer this revitalized interpretation of the historic creeds would be for those who ask, "Just what does a Methodist believe?"

"Tested by time, the historic creeds still are relevant."

Asserts Edwin E. Voigt
Bishop, Illinois Area, The Methodist Church

FROM THE earliest day of Christianity, creeds have been used to articulate and affirm the faith. In his *Apostolic Tradition*, written about 175 A.D., the theologian Hippolytus records the following creedal interrogation in the baptismal rite:

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty?

Dost thou believe in Christ Jesus the Son of God, who was born of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary, who was crucified in the days of Pontius Pilate, and died, and was buried, and rose the third day living from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of the Father, and will come to judge the living and the dead?

Dost thou believe in the Holy Spirit, in the Holy Church, and the resurrection of the flesh?

Obviously, this was the ancestor of the Apostles' Creed. It was a part of the baptismal rite because, in the early church, new Christians were mainly adults. And since Baptism was the act by which they entered the church, it had to be made clear then what they subscribed to.

The second question points to the inner struggle—often called the Docetic and the Gnostic heresies—which then was going on in the church. Some asserted that Jesus of Nazareth only seemed to be a man; he was the *Logos*, the Eternal Word, appeared in the flesh. Devout church leaders saw that this struck at the very core of the Christian faith, so they minutely questioned every convert regarding his belief in the true humanity of Jesus Christ. Thus the early creed was not just somebody's idea that it would be proper to have a confession of faith.

About 150 years after Hippolytus, a controversy arose over the deity of Christ. The heretic Arius argued that Jesus was really only a human being—the most perfect of God's creations—but not God. The church, led by the early father, Athanasius, saw this undermined the essentials of the Christian faith.

The Nicene Creed was the church's answer. Besides reaffirming the fatherhood of God and amplifying the significance of the Holy Spirit and the "one holy and apostolic church," it emphasized that Christ was the "only-begotten Son of God," "of one substance with the Father," "who for our salvation . . . was made man."

The two great creeds, then, came out of white-hot controversy. They settled two fundamental questions. They were not theological hairsplitting; rather, they kept Christianity from being an "ism." Nor were they an effort to foist mumbo jumbo on a future church; they were the work of a concerned church to find a present answer to a problem that threatened the very meaning of her life. Later these formulations were cherished both as milestones of the struggle against error and as foundation blocks upon which the sound faith of the church was built.

The creeds have no less relevance for us today—even though their language is archaic. They affirm the two natures of Jesus Christ. Whenever men have debated this question, someone always goes too far out on one side or the other. In the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy, some were so intent on defending the deity of Christ that they practically overlooked his humanity. Many Humanists, on the other hand, assert that Jesus was a holy man, the greatest of the prophets—but only a man nevertheless. So the problem is as trenchant in the 20th century as it was in any earlier one.

But someone will ask, "Why do we have to answer these questions

Mr. King has served as church-school superintendent and member of all local-church commissions.

Bishop Voigt has been chairman of the Methodist Commission on Worship since 1956.

An honor graduate in both law and theology, Mr. Munden is known as a dynamic preacher.

Author of the Korean Creed, Bishop Welch, 101, is as busy as ever writing and advising.

in the mumbo jumbo of the ancient creeds?" This is a strange argument coming from those who bewilder us with the mumbo jumbo of the present day—in theology, science, education, social science, or law! The one is no more perplexing than the other.

Meanwhile, using Elijah's words, we go limping along on both feet. For example, here is Richard Watson Gilder's *The Song of a Heathen:*

If Jesus Christ is a man— / And only a man—I say / That of all mankind I will cleave to him, / And to him will I cleave alway. / If Jesus Christ is a God— / And the only God—I swear I will follow him through heaven and hell, / The earth, the sea, and the air!

It is difficult to see how the church can survive in this equivocal position. We like to say that the church is the Body of Christ. An "agonizing" Body of Christ in the second and fourth centuries tried to say that, for a defensible doctrine of salvation, Jesus Christ must be both human and divine.

The language they used to express this idea may seem peculiar to some today, but it is no harder to explain than the jargon of our generation, and it may be a lot harder to say it better. Therefore, let us deal with the substance of the matter and tell the world *here we stand,* without apology and subterfuge.

'The key: Study a creed's meaning, not just recite it.'

Advises C. Ebb Munden III
Pastor, St. Matthew's Methodist Church, Metairie, La.

EACH SUNDAY in the majority of Methodist churches, the congregation stands to affirm its faith through the Apostles' Creed. For most of us, this is a recitation of familiar, but incomprehensible, words and phrases.

These facts are undeniable, but the conclusion to be drawn is not so readily apparent. There are those who say the church needs a new creed which will give expression to our faith in language relevant and comprehensible to modern man.

Others are convinced that creeds are of no value and should be dispensed with because everyone believes differently and one man's belief is as good as another's.

Finally, there are still others who, like myself, are convinced that these facts constitute an indictment of the church; and that which is needed is not a new creed, but a renewal of the church.

It is true that the Apostles' Creed is very old and that its language is foreign to 20th-century man. But to acknowledge this is simply to define the task of the church in each new generation of receiving the faith which was handed over once and for all to the saints, of making it our own, and of passing it on to those who come after us. In each generation this task must be undertaken anew. God demands it. Each generation finds itself interrogated by life with the questions: Who are you? Where are you going? Why? These we must answer, for life interrogates us with the demand of our Creator. As Christians we find our answer in one place and one place only—Jesus Christ.

But in order to say that the church must find the answer to the question of its identity in Jesus Christ, must we go back almost 20 centuries to Jesus of Nazareth? Must each generation go back again to the testimony of the scriptural witnesses and the earliest church fathers?

Is not our Lord a living Lord, and may we not know him in the present? If we may know him in the present, why should not the answers we derive from such an encounter be as valid as the answers of the apostles and church fathers?

Why, then, shouldn't we write a new creed that would articulate the faith of this generation in language that can be understood by this generation?

The logic of such a line of reasoning seems apparent; yet we must reject it. There is no question that our Lord is a living Lord, and that we must know him in the present if we are to be the church. But how do we recognize the Word of God which became flesh and dwelt among us 20 centuries ago in the person of Jesus of Nazareth? What does it mean to know Jesus Christ in the present?

If we say that we mean a spiritual experience, what kind of experience is that? Is it a purely subjective experience or is it an experience which other men can know? If it is subjective, by what criteria can we know it is in fact an experience of Jesus Christ? If such criteria are available, where are they available other than Jesus of Nazareth?

But if, in talking about knowing Jesus Christ in the present, we mean an experience born of an encounter with an objective reality which other men can know and experience, but a reality which is other than Jesus of Nazareth, how can we know that these two realities are one and the same unless we first go back almost 20 centuries to Jesus of Nazareth?

If by being relevant we mean finding answers to today's questions out of the present, then what the church needs is not more relevance but less. If this is what we mean by being relevant, it is because of the desire to be relevant that the church has become so irrelevant. In the main, the answers we offer to men today are largely humanistic moralisms which alternate between Pollyanna optimism and neurotic despair.

If, on the other hand, by being relevant we mean finding new ways to express ancient truths so that they can be understood correctly by modern man as answers to today's questions, then I say "Amen." If this is what we mean, then let us not replace the Apostles' Creed; let us take it seriously and understand it. If we do not understand the Apostles' Creed, we are in no position to write another creed. If we do understand the Apostles' Creed, then we will have no need to write a new creed.

If we will listen to the Apostles' Creed, rather than recite it, we will hear again the Word of God to which the words of the creed bear witness as God speaks to us today; and it is only through such a new hearing of the Word of God—rather than the words of men—that we may become the Church of Jesus Christ.

"Creeds are inspiring guides to rich Christian life."

Declares Herbert Welch
Bishop (retired), The Methodist Church

OF MAKING many creeds there is no end, in many lands and many centuries, in many fields of action. The doctor has his Hippocratic oath, the lawyer his professional standards, the Boy Scout his code. "I believe" brings a note of faith and hope into the world's clamor.

This is especially true within the area of religion, where man's highest interests are involved. The great affirmations of Christian teaching came at first from apostles and missionaries as they interpreted the mind of Christ to the young churches of the Near East and later of Europe.

Three or four hundred years passed before any official declaration of Christian doctrine appeared, but formulations of faith were not lacking: "We preach Christ and him crucified," "We preach Jesus and the Resurrection." Paul uttered an avowal, the simplicity of which cannot hide its magnificence: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

The Christian creed sometimes may be hidden in the heart of a hymn, like the *Magnificat*, the *Jubilate*, the *Te Deum;* and again it may be a Sermon on the Mount. Today it may be the stately utterance of worshipers; another day the rugged avowal of an embattled leader: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise."

EVEN the humblest may, with caution, yield to this urge for religious self-expression. I suppose it was in obedience to this that I have tried from time to time to put my own thoughts about God and about life into some clear, terse statement. It seemed to me that the basic tenets might be set forth by viewing the three chief holy days—Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter, the memorials of the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Resurrection. These three events of Jesus' earthly life dramatize the whole process of divine revelation, the redemptive power of our Lord's sacrificial suffering, the secret of heaven.

The creeds are thoroughly human in origin and form, honest attempts to interpret the body of New Testament truth. A creed is the product of its own age. What it includes and what it omits will be determined by the dominant interests of the day.

Among early Christian theologians, the contending views on the Person of Christ threatened to split the church. Controversy was keen, feelings were bitter. The Apostles' Creed and the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, with their subtleties, were designed to establish once and for all the doctrine of the full humanity and full divinity of Jesus Christ. Hence they gave space to this one subject out of proportion with other topics also fundamental for Christian living—for example, the universal love of God, the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, and the redemption of all life by love.

The humanness of creed-writers gives wide range to that liberty of thought, that right of private judgment which the Reformation sought. But it emphasizes the relatively fleeting character of a creed's climax of influence.

Amid diverse opinions, changing circumstances, and increasing knowledge, one creed follows another in the vain effort to express the inexpressible; and not one of them, Eastern or Western, ancient or modern, has said the last word.

No creed is infallible. A creed is a watermark showing how high the tide of faith has risen at a given time and place; but at the last, we are left picking up shells which the tide may have washed upon the shore, while the boundless ocean still stretches into the unknown. But it is enough if, in the shells, we can catch some faint murmur of the far-off seas.

In the meantime, while we may be creating new creeds, we should make the best use of those we have. We should not allow the creed to shrink into a mere ritual form, with little meaning to the ear and no pulse to the heart.

We dare not make our creed a fence when it should be a gate; not employ it as a test of Christian standing or a bar to Christian fellowship when it should be an open way to the richness of Christian truth and Christian life. It is not to be a legalistic master driving offenders to their doom but a kind teacher leading the bewildered by the hand into a field of understanding and of peace.

The ideal creed might be written in the language of the people rather than the dialect of the theologians; based not only on the searchings of the scholars, but also on the experience of the saints; not loaded down with trimmings, but still deal with the few great fundamentals without which it would not be Christian.

OUR trouble is not primarily with mental confusion, but with moral weakness; we need not precise definitions so much as sympathetic guidance. Our creed should more than hint at the inclusive riches, the dynamic force, and the revolutionary nature of the truth as it is in Jesus. It must appeal not simply to the intellect but to the will, deal not simply with speculative thought but with life itself; it will call not so much for assent as for commitment.

Methodism has from the beginning been favorable to liberal thought, averse to ritualism, and made its conditions of membership not theological so much as moral and spiritual. It holds to the open pulpit, it permits choice of positions at the Lord's table, and of the several procedures in Baptism; also for the use of any one of several approved creedal forms. It visualizes a church as a congregation of sincere people seeking the good life for all, loyally following the leadership of a supreme Master and Lord.

It is hospitable to change. As an English thinker put it, "Methodism was born in revolution, it was cradled in change, and its strength is never to stand still." Old and new may dwell in peace together, if the same life throbs through all.

Among our church's millions are these interesting and . . .

ARMATURE ARTIST

Two of Bill Lett's works were chosen in 1962 for an overseas exhibition of U.S. art.

FARMER, football player, well-driller—Bill Lett has been all these. That makes his present occupation seem an improbable choice. He is an art teacher at Tyson Junior High School, Knoxville, Tenn., and a highly creative artist whose work is winning increasingly wide approval. Appropriately for a former well-driller, Lett's artistic works are muscular, dynamic, masculine. His specialty: wire sculpture, shaped and welded into the forms of horses, cats, fish, dancers, and abstracts.

Born 32 years ago on a farm in the hill country outside Knoxville, Lett has been painting since boyhood. In a college art class, while putting plaster on a metal armature one day, he decided the armature itself was more interesting than the finished plaster product. He has been shaping wire and welding strips of metal into imaginative shapes ever since. "Wire gives an openness and freedom, a lightness you can't get in stone or wood," he says.

At Clapp's Chapel Methodist Church outside Corryton, Tenn., Bill and his wife are valued members. Bill is in his fourth year as teacher of the senior-high church-school class and this year became chairman of the commission on missions. Marie is a choir soloist and former Woman's Society officer.

KEYBOARD QUEEN

Now a college freshman, Janet Liptrap makes good use of her prize—a new typewriter.

DURING her four years at Boswell (Ind.) High School, Janet Liptrap won varied recognition: National Honor Society membership for scholastic achievement, awards for musical talent—even blue ribbons for toothsome angel food cakes. But the versatile Indiana farm girl climaxed her high-school career with victory in a new field. Competing with 22,000 students from 35 states, Janet emerged the 1963 U.S. high-school typing champion. She won the crown with a speed of 85 words per minute and an error rate of only 1 percent. The runner-up scored 84 words with 4 percent error. (In unofficial drills, Janet has reached the even more dazzling speed of 120 words per minute.)

Assistant organist at Boswell Methodist Church, Janet had to forego both music and typing several months last winter when a ruptured blood vessel in her right hand required surgery. Undismayed, after recovery she spent two and three hours a day in typing practice to make up for lost time.

Unusual Methodists

BARNYARD DENTIST

Years of chewing left this cow's teeth rounded knobs. Dr. Newcomb (left) provides a sharp new set.

THE patient was 10 years old, white-faced, and very nervous—typical, you might expect, for a dental case. She endured the experience until just before Dr. Ward A. Newcomb finished his work. Then, startled by a blast of compressed air forced into her mouth, she became the first patient of record to chase a dentist over a fence. But the 1,000-pound Nebraska range cow probably was history's first bovine wearer of false teeth.

That "installation" took place five years ago, and the patient is no longer one of a kind. Across western Nebraska and northeastern Colorado, hundreds of cattle now wear the permanently fixed Bovine Crowns invented by Dr. Newcomb. In this "short grass" country, the stainless steel crowns may add five or six years to a cow's productive life.

Giving store teeth to animals, of course, is only a sideline with the Chappell, Nebr., dentist. His practice with human patients keeps him in his office up to 75 hours a week. (On a normal Saturday, he sees 40 patients—without eating lunch.)

A lover of small-town life, Dr. Newcomb participates actively. Among many pursuits, he has served on the local school board and taught a class at Chappell's Methodist Church. An art hobbyist, he paints Western scenes—usually with animals.

PRESIDENTS' PROTECTOR

Posing informally with "the boss," Major Stover shows President Kennedy a copy of TOGETHER.

RALPH C. Stover was studying aeronautical engineering during depression years when his funds ran out. "In order to eat," he explains, he took a job on the metropolitan police force, Washington, D.C. Then, in 1940, an opportunity came to move to a new job at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Among others who also have worked at the same address in the 23 years since were four named Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy. Stover's job: guarding each of the four. Now chief of White House police, Major Stover directs 204 Secret Service men in protecting the President's life wherever he goes—at home or abroad.

Off duty in West Hyattsville, Md., Major Stover has typical fatherly activities: coaching Little League baseball and football teams, and serving as pack master of Cub Scouts at Ager Road Methodist Church. (Son Jeff is 9; daughters are Bonnie, 13, and Judy, 21, a University of Maryland senior.) With his wife, Jeannette, Stover also serves on the church's commission on Christian social concerns.

The Amazing Comeback of the HOLY BIBLE

By WEBB GARRISON
Pastor, Central Methodist Church
Evansville, Indiana

THE EAGER youngsters in the Methodist church school inhaled deeply. Then, when their teacher signaled with a nod, they began singing lustily:

The B-I-B-L-E
That's the book for me;
The B-I-B,
Oh, the B-I-B;
Oh, the B-I-B-L-E!

In 1881, you might have heard that refrain almost anywhere in America on any Sunday. But only if you had been in New York on April 25 of that year would you have felt the full impact of a movement designed to make the Bible a forgotten book.

Before an audience of professed atheists, skeptics, and freethinkers, Robert G. Ingersoll was hammering away at his favorite target. Interrupted frequently by applause, he paused dramatically as he reached the climax of his address.

"My friends," he cried, "the inspiration of the Bible depends upon the ignorance of the gentleman who reads it!"

Ingersoll's speech was intended to sound the death knell of what had been the world's most influential book. In spite of efforts by Methodists and other supporters, the influence of the Bible upon American life actually did wane for the next half century.

During the roaring '20s, droves of good church folk decided that the family altar really was old-fashioned, after all. Bibles retained prominent places on living-room tables, but were no longer generally read daily in eager anticipation of receiving late word from on high. Under the influence of scholars who centered upon literary and historical questions, writers of lesson materials often seemed more concerned with how and when a passage was written than with what it had to say.

So by 1930, hardly a ripple was created when *The Christian Century* published an article commenting on the Bible as "the best seller and what of it?"

Topical preaching became the rage. Partly because congregations liked such an approach, great num-

bers of clergymen learned to prepare interesting and entertaining sermons that came from life and literature rather than from encounter with God through Scripture. Frequently such messages made little or no reference to the Bible; where a text was used, it was often a sentence or phrase that functioned simply as a hook on which to hang a garment already cut and sewed.

For two or three decades, it really looked as though the role of Scripture would continue to diminish until the sacred Book became a sort of bit player—a minor supporting actor in the drama of God's dealings with man.

But since World War II, startling changes have taken place. To be sure, there is some pessimism over signs pointing to a "post-Christian era." Yet mounting evidence supports the view that Scripture now is entering a period of fresh virility that will have enormous effects upon individual faith and organized Christianity.

Cambridge University Press, first private publisher to sell English Bibles in 1591, reported for 1960 a 27 percent increase in Bible sales over the previous year. About half of that increase was from various editions of the King James Version —whose 350th anniversary was celebrated in 1961 [see *350 Years Ago: The People Got the Bible*, June, 1961, page 37]. Instead of dropping when commemorative ceremonies ended, Cambridge sales of the King James Version continued to rise and in 1962 showed an increase of 13 percent over 1961.

Publishing is so highly competitive that few houses release figures about sales of Bibles. But the best estimates by experts on the staff of *Publisher's Weekly* suggest that the volume trebled in the 15 years after 1942. That year, about 5 million Bibles were sold in the United States. By 1957, the total is believed to have leaped past 15 million per year. No one knows precisely how many Bibles are printed. But in 1961, the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, on behalf of its Ecusta Paper Division, spent $300,000 to advertise the Bible as the greatest Christmas gift of all.

The American Bible Society, a not-for-profit organization, is more communicative than commercial publishers. Annual reports of the society show that in 1920, their English-language Bibles, Testaments, Scripture portions and selections had a circulation of 745,540. In 1940, the total had climbed to 3,636,712—and soared to 14,590,741 in 1962. By far the largest part of this distribution centers in the U.S.

Books designed for the serious Bible student have shown the same phenomenal increase. When first conceived by executives of Abingdon Press, the 12-volume *The Interpreter's Bible* ($89.50) presented so many risks that its strongest supporters conceded that the book-publishing unit of The Methodist Church might lose money on the project. Instead, the massive commentary broke all records. By mid 1963, total sales climbed to 1,285,553 assorted volumes.

A companion project, the four-volume *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*, presented special problems. Bible users often buy commentaries one volume at a time, but a dictionary is useless unless complete.

The Abingdon sales staff ventured to hope that in the first year some 25,000 individuals and libraries would make the $45 investment required to purchase the four-volume set. A few weeks after the first announcement, they hastily upped the print order to 35,000 sets. Before publication in October, 1962, this entire printing was sold out.

Public response to these scholarly works has been overwhelming. Laymen and general readers have shown far greater interest than the publishers had assumed.

This jump in distribution of Bibles and study books has been accompanied by acceleration in the publication of new versions and translations. From the Wycliffe Bible in 1382 through the King James Version of 1611, inclusive, there were only 11 English translations of significance. In the next 300 years, there were precisely 8 more. But since 1923, by the most conservative count, there have been 18 important new translations—as many in the last 40 years as in the previous 350!

Exciting as these developments are, they do not give a full picture of the way in which the Bible has come back into the main stream of church life and work. For during a period of two generations, results of scholarly inquiry seemed calculated to make the ancient Book considerably less than "the Word of God, offering a complete guide for Christian life."

Something of the change in attitude is indicated by the very title of a 1962 book. *New Insights Into Scripture* (Westminster, $3.95), by J. Carter Swaim, is both one man's testimony and an index to trends. The author is director of the department of the English Bible, National Council of the Churches of Christ in the USA.

In his first chapter, he urges readers to turn to Scripture expectantly, like early Christians who studied the Book *curiosius*—"attentively, eagerly, inquisitively." With this emphasis established, Dr. Swaim asks the central question of his provocative volume: "Who in life can ever allow himself to be bored when there is a Bible into which he may look?"

Thirty years ago—or even 20—a man in Dr. Swaim's position probably would not have held such views. Even if he had, it would have meant professional suicide to make them public; critics would have hooted at him as being hope-

For the Flyleaf of a Bible

Here are stored the seeds of thought
Men have loved and planted
In the lore of centuries,
Variously slanted.
Here are truths as old as time,
Yet new for every season.
Here the searching heart may find,
Written plain, the reason.

—ANN BARCUS MINGA

There is no excuse for anyone not reading the Bible these days, for there are many editions to choose from. This stack represents only a sampling of the Bibles now on the market, several in inexpensive paperback form.

lessly out of date in his thinking.

Now it is the religious leader who fails to give the Bible a special place who is out of date. This change is clearly reflected in the broad field of Christian education, and especially in Methodist curriculum publications. New materials for children in Methodist church schools, to be released next fall, give vivid examples of the way in which all our teaching is becoming increasingly Bible centered.

Dr. Walter N. Vernon of the Editorial Division, Methodist Board of Education, points out that the most vital changes now taking place in our literature center in emphasis rather than quantity of Scripture printed and studied. "Methodist lesson materials have consistently made use of large blocks of Bible material," he points out. "Present changes reflect new convictions that the biblical message is more basic to our teaching.

"Back in the 1920s and '30s, some Christian educators took the position that the Bible was one resource among many, and we would look at it and see if it might have something to say to us. Our point of view now definitely is that the Gospel message is 'given' for us as Christians and that if we are truly Christian we must accept it and start from there to see what it means for us."

What forces have co-operated to produce such sweeping changes?

No one knows precisely. Many think the basic outlook of our time is radically different from that of two generations ago. In the aftermath of World War I, it looked for a time as though all human problems were about to be solved. But World War II left a different mark upon our globe. In a fresh and deeper sense, masses of persons recognized the meaning of human limitedness—and in desperation began groping for recovery of the sense of vital dependence upon a God who acts in history and speaks through his Word.

Even if this change in outlook is as widespread as some persons think, it could not, by itself, have altered a nation's attitude toward the Bible. Dr. Emory S. Bucke, book editor of The Methodist Publishing House, considers three basic factors in the change to have been: (1) publication of the Revised Standard Version, (2) discovery of Dead Sea Scrolls, and (3) publication of the New English translation of the New Testament.

Reader interest created as a result of these influences has, he thinks, spurred sale and use of commentaries, dictionaries, and other helps. But if that is true, it is equally certain that feedback effects from use of readable and authoritative new works about the Bible have led many users back into the pages of Scripture.

Nothing in the history of publishing even approaches the story of the Revised Standard Version. When projected in 1936, it was not considered likely to be a profitable venture. Thomas Nelson & Sons agreed to finance production in return for a 10-year exclusive license to print and sell. They invested $3 million in preparation and plates, spent $500,000 on the first year's advertising program.

Publication day was September 30, 1952. Significantly—and, as it proved, prophetically—September 30 is the day on which the work of St. Jerome is honored. A fourth-century translator who was the first to put the Bible into colloquial Latin, he is the patron saint of Bible translators. Though his translation was the most important one for a thousand years, it circulated only among the learned.

Fifth of the officially authorized Bibles, the Revised Standard Version gained support far more quickly than anyone imagined possible. During its first 10 years on the market, publishers sold approximately 4,300,000 copies of the RSV New Testament and 10 million copies of the complete RSV Bible. On September 30, 1962, five additional firms were commissioned to publish their own editions; and, though no exact figures are available, it is generally believed that the RSV now is selling at a rate "well above" 1 million copies a year.

EFFECTS have been felt in odd places. For its pulpit edition, Nelson's used sealskin binding. One year, they bought the entire North American catch—but still did not have enough covering material for the big new Bible and had to begin using the hides of water buffalo from India! Many congregations that at first resisted the contemporary quality of the RSV have come to prefer it, so that except among some ultraconservative groups it has become standard.

As a result, this modern-language version is *the* Bible for many church-school pupils. Within the first six years of its publication, it was adopted for use in lesson publications of 37 denominations with combined church-school enrollment of 22,500,000. Arranged in paragraphs instead of verses, physical

makeup of the RSV has encouraged readers to seek the context of whole passages instead of quoting isolated verses to prove pet ideas. Because of this and other factors, a few enthusiasts say that publication of the RSV already has had an impact comparable only to that of the Protestant Reformation.

Along with revolutionary changes in publishing circles, the past decade has seen a remarkable revival of interest in such matters as spiritual healing, ecstatic religious experience, and group meetings dedicated to prayer and Bible-reading. Very close in spirit to Wesley's original class meeting,* the small-group movement has encouraged tens of thousands of persons to approach the Scriptures with eager certainty that from them personal messages will emerge.

Numerous reading and study plans have been developed in the last few years. Some have come from denominational boards and agencies. Others have sprung up almost spontaneously as a result of interest on the part of members of single congregations.

Though they vary widely in format, nearly all such programs have one vital quality in common: they stress daily personal reading of the Bible, rather than use of devotional guides which simply include Scripture as one of several resources. Here the small-group movement has effects much like those coming from fresh views on the part of writers and editors of Methodist lesson materials.

Precisely what the next generation will bring, no one can tell. We may never recapture the atmosphere that led Methodists of the 1880s to sing jingles about the Bible, but all signs point to the probability that tomorrow's churchmen will have been more profoundly affected by Scripture than were their parents. It's just possible that future historians will look back upon the second half of the 20th century as the era in which a wholly unexpected comeback by the Holy Bible pushed it into a position of influence never equalled—even in "the good old days."

* *Class meetings originated in the Bristol Society in 1742 when companies or classes of 10 or 12 members were organized to raise money to pay its debt. Leaders, going from house to house to collect the penny-a-week assessments, were often asked to give spiritual counsel. The contacts so improved the spiritual quality of the Bristol Society that Wesley adopted the class-meeting idea for all the Methodist societies.*—Eds.

THE *Not-So-Sacred* SCRIPTURES

WALK INTO any Christian bookstore and ask for a copy of the Bible. The first thing the clerk will ask you is, "What version?"

You will see on the shelves the many editions now on the market—from the venerable King James to the easy-reading New English. You will find versions attributed to the individuals who did the translating, too—such as Phillips, Williams, and Goodspeed.

But the unusual Bibles are those that have come down through the centuries with mistakes.

In the first three centuries after the invention of movable type, printing errors were quite common. Even printers who took great pains to be accurate occasionally turned out a book having amusing typographical blunders. Because of this, we have a number of Bibles that can be called "not-so-sacred Scriptures."

A transposition of two letters, for instance, resulted in the so-called "Sin On Bible" published in 1716, the first edition in English to be printed in Ireland. The error appeared in Jeremiah 31:34 where "sin *no* more" became "sin *on* more."

The "Wicked Bible" deserves its title. Imagine what readers of the day thought of this rendition of the seventh Commandment: "Thou *shalt* commit adultery" (Exodus 20:14). Some printer's devil had picked an inappropriate time to mislay three pieces of type—the all-important letters: *not!*

During the reign of King Charles I of England, a misprint caused all copies of the "Fool's Bible" to be suppressed, and a £3,000 (about $8,400 today) fine to be levied against the printers. The error was in Psalms 14:1, where the Scripture reads, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is *a* God." The Scripture should have read, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is *no* God."

Another 16th-century edition leaves a wrong impression with the careful reader. In Tyndale's New Testament of 1538, 2 Corinthians 10:11 is given as, "Think on *his wife*." The verse should have read, "Think on *this wise*." Tyndale surely must have blushed at this, and at his work's subsequent nickname, the "Wife's Bible."

Had there been unions for servants in the days of the "Servant's Bible," they might have risen to demand the head of the man who printed it. His rendering of Genesis 3:1 was: "Now the *servant* was more subtle than all the beasts of the field." The devil, in the guise of the *serpent,* got off easy for a change.

The "Lions Bible," which one authority called "pre-eminently distinguished for its typographical errors," had these gems: 1 Kings 8:19, "Out of thy *lions*" instead of *loins,* and Numbers 35:18, "The murderer shall surely be put *together*" instead of *to death.*

One of the most famous oddities is the "Breeches Bible," printed in Geneva in 1560. The translator set down that Adam and Eve "sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*" instead of *aprons* (Genesis 3:7).

Another version well known for its many errors is the "Unrighteous Bible." John Field, who printed this little treasure in 1653, had such Bible boners as "Know ye not that the unrighteous *shall* inherit the kingdom of God?" (1 Corinthians 6:9) instead of *shall not;* and, "Ye cannot serve and mammon" (Matthew 6:24). This last excerpt is without meaning when *God* is left out of the familiar phrase, "Ye cannot serve *God* and mammon."

Today, every Bible that comes off the press is as free of error as it is possible to make it. Both printing techniques and proofreading have improved.

And while those cited here are not all the biblical boners, one last example highlights the entire list. It is named, appropriately, the "Printer's Bible."

In it, David the psalmist complains: "*Printers* (instead of *Princes*) have persecuted me without cause" (Psalms 119:161).

Indeed, it appears they have!

—TED SMYTHE

Christmas in a Faraway Place

By MARJORIE B. KOCHER

THAT CHRISTMAS EVE seven years ago was different from all others—before or since. My husband, John, had been assigned to a U.S. Air Force base near Tokyo. We had been in Japan three weeks and were still living out of suitcases. Our furniture had not arrived, and I was beginning to wonder if it ever would. The one thing I was happy about was that we finally had found a house to rent.

The first two weeks we had stayed in makeshift quarters at the base fire station, a capacious but barren place whose facilities included a large bell which rang stridently at odd hours.

The little house we had rented was quieter—but just as bare and cold. Never had I felt more alone on a Christmas Eve. No Christmas tree. No kitchen filled with fine food. No friends gathered. Forty miles from Tokyo in the middle of a rice paddy, I longed for my California home 6,000 miles away.

After dinner, John went to the base exchange to do some last-minute shopping. I put the dishes away, then tucked Cynthia and Jeffrey into bed. I read aloud *The Night Before Christmas* and kissed them goodnight with a final assurance that, "Yes, Santa Claus can find his way to Japan."

Getting as close as I could to the potbellied stove in the living room, I sat down in one of the straight-backed, wooden chairs we had borrowed from base supply. The house was built for American tenants by a Japanese entrepreneur who apparently could not decide whether Americans really were giants. In the little kitchen, ridiculously high cupboards were suspended over an absurdly low sink. The washbasin in the bathroom was so low I strained my back bending to reach it, then banged my head on the medicine chest jutting out above.

"It really doesn't matter much," I thought. "There's hardly ever any running water anyhow. Merry Christmas, indeed!"

I wondered what my friends back in the States were doing—probably enjoying their trees in warm, comfortable living rooms, singing carols together. My mental picture was so clear I could almost see them; I even thought I could hear them! "*Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all . . . .*"

I walked to the window and looked out. In the distance, I could see snowcapped Mount Fuji. This was Japan, all right, not California. But the singing in my ears had not stopped. Instead, it grew louder!

Abruptly, John burst in the door, grinning, brandishing a Christmas tree in one hand and a bag of toys in the other.

"Merry Christmas, Darling!" he shouted. "I've brought company for you!"

Suddenly the little house was no longer quiet and cold. It was wondrously warm, filled with Japanese children, all smiling, laughing, and bowing at the same time. "*Omedeto, gozaimasu,*" they said, following John inside. "Merry Christmas."

John explained that the children were carolers from a Christian mission at nearby Akashima. He had seen them walking along the road and loaded them into his station wagon to come to our house. It had not been my imagination; it was they I had heard singing *Silent Night.*

Cynthia and Jeffrey came running from their room to join the merriment. In the kitchen, I found some fruitcake which the youngsters ate with delight. Then they arranged themselves in several rows and filled the house with song. First in Japanese, then in quaintly accented English, came the familiar sounds of *O Little Town of Bethlehem, O Come, All Ye Faithful,* and *Joy to the World!*

Listening to their singing and looking at their happy faces, I felt a surge of warmth and happiness. It no longer mattered that I could not be home for a traditional American Christmas. I did not care that I was not going to cook a turkey, or sit in a soft chair by the fireplace, or even take a hot bath.

I went to bed that Christmas Eve a wiser person. The children had given me a priceless gift. They had helped me realize that the spirit of Christmas does not depend on being in any one place. It transcends external symbols—trees, turkeys, and trimmings.

No matter where you are, Christmas really can be found only in your heart!

The Nativity *As Children of the World See It*

CHILD ART belongs to no school, place, craze, or trend. Unfettered by restrictions, children work in a wonderful world unto themselves, one half remembered but long lost to adults.

When a child's freshness of expression and spontaneity of feeling is coupled—as on the following pages—with the mystic enchantment of the Christmas story, conventional religious art goes by the board. For children, more than their elders, have the uncluttered imagination to see and picture the Nativity story in simple yet universal terms.

When one child expresses a Bible story in terms of his own culture and experience, as he is prone to do, he is united by a mysterious bond with Christian children everywhere. Hundreds of such drawings by children all over the world have been collected by the World Council of Christian Education. And the council has found, says Mrs. Vivian Russell, director of the project, that "creative use of the child's powerful urge to express himself through painting and drawing can have a truly religious significance."

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

The Annunciation, *drawn by Marybeth Shinn, USA. Gabriel tells Mary the good news.*

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

Joseph and Mary Riding to Bethlehem

"In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled.... And Joseph also went up...to be enrolled with Mary..." (Luke 2:1-5). By Mase Terivverd, age 6, Holland.

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

The Nativity

"And she gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him in a manger..." (Luke 2:7). By Sreejata Sanyal, age 10, India.

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

Shepherds in the Field

Shepherds, tending their flocks in the fields by night, see a Bethlehem aglow with Christmas lights. The artist is Chiedo Watanabe, age 13, Japan.

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

The Nativity

"...and lo, the star...went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was" (Matthew 2:9). By Aldo Bianco, 12, Uruguay.

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

The Three Wise Men Come To Worship the Christ Child

"...and going into the house they saw the child with Mary..." (Matthew 2:11).
By Taomi Kinoshita, age 9, of Japan.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy..." (Matthew 2:10).
By Amin Zahra Rizvi, age 11, of India.

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

The Star of Bethlehem

Childish imagination, exuberance, and depth of feeling have free rein in this drawing by Giet Holls, a 6-year-old Dutch girl.

Mary and Joseph Flee Into Egypt

An angel appeared and said, "Rise, take the child and his mother, and flee to Egypt, and remain there…for Herod is about to search for the child, to destroy him" (Matthew 2:13). By an unknown boy, Nigeria.

Courtesy of World Council of Christian Education

NO. 4 *in a Series*

KNOW YOUR CHURCH

Here is the full story of how your collection-plate dollar supports not only your local church but stretches around the world to serve countless others in a multitude of ways.

Where Your Church Money Goes

By EDWIN H. MAYNARD
Editor, *the Methodist Story*

THIS YEAR, we Methodists will contribute more than $600 million to our church. But when you and I drop one of our dollars in the collection plate, where does it go? Who handles it and accounts for it? And who decides what it will be used for?

Therein lies a tale. In this age, when stretching a buck is the next thing to magic, parts of your dollar go to work in all corners of the world!

How does this happen? Because ours is a "connectional" church, and local congregations do not stand alone. Portions of every dollar you put in the collection plate on Sunday serve not only in your local church but also in your community, your state, your country, and in 45 other nations. Pennies from each of your dollars reach an amazing number of places where we Methodists carry on work.

Ever since the Apostle Paul collected for the church in Jerusalem, the offering has been a part of Christian worship. Further back, the Old Testament offering was a sacrifice to win God's favor. But the Christian's gift, whether a tithe (tenth) or other portion of his income, is first of all an act of thanks to God.

A particular gift may be in response to the need of the home church for a new roof, to the privations of refugees in Hong Kong, or simply fulfillment of a voluntary pledge. As an individual, you do have considerable choice about where your church money goes. You determine the amount of your gift to freewill offerings several times a year, and can designate special gifts to particular projects.

The major part of church giving, however, is not specifically earmarked, and budgeting and allocating is necessary. Budget decisions begin at home—in the quarterly conference or annual church conference. This conference, usually in the spring, adopts the local-church budget and sets up a budget for benevolences—gifts to support needed programs which are not and often never can be self-supporting, such as the campus ministry, care of the homeless and the aging, and missionary work near and far. Beyond this, special offerings for specific purposes are authorized.

After the quarterly conference has acted, you will be invited to pledge. In case there is a "unified" budget, you will be asked for only one pledge; local-church officials then will divide money received between local expenses and benevolences. In case of a dual pledge, strongly recommended by the *Discipline of The Methodist Church*, you will be asked to make one pledge for local work and another for benevolences. The need for a local building fund or for capital funds for a seminary, college, or hospital may mean another pledge.

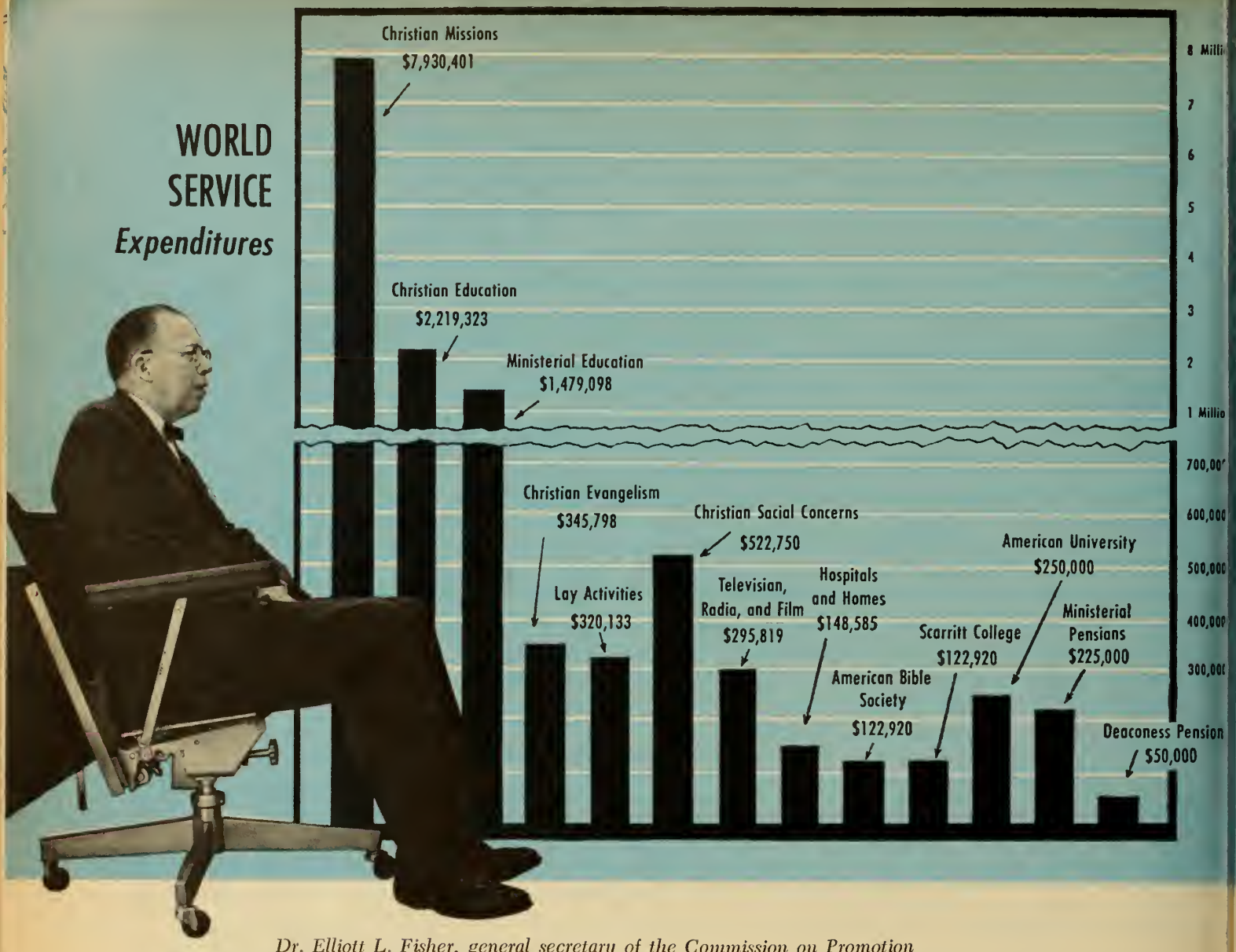
When your money is received, whether by pledge or special offering, it will serve in three broad categories:

1. *At the local level*, including:
   - Salary for the pastor(s) and the church staff.
   - Operational expenses and property maintenance.
   - The church school and work of the commissions.
   - Outpost church schools or local mission projects.
   - The building fund.

2. *At the annual conference level*, including:
   - Salaries and administrative expenses of district superintendents and conference staff.
   - Pensions for retired ministers.
   - Conference benevolences (support of such programs as inner-city work, children's homes, and campus ministries) within conference boundaries.
   - Conference Advance Specials, earmarked for mission projects within the conference.
   - Church extension funds, to help start new churches.

3. *At the general (churchwide) level*, including:
   - World Service, the basic benevolence budget.
   - Advance Specials, the "second mile" plan for voluntary giving to world missions, national missions, and overseas relief projects.
   - Special offerings. The *Discipline* lists One Great Hour of Sharing, Worldwide Communion Sunday, Race Relations Day, Methodist Student Day, and Rally Day.
   - Other benevolence funds (Television-Radio Ministry Fund and Interdenominational Co-operation Fund).
   - Administrative funds (the Episcopal Fund and the General Administration Fund).

In the fiscal year 1963, giving in The Methodist



Dr. Elliott L. Fisher, general secretary of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, keeps Methodists informed on how their benevolences serve the church.

Church in the USA for all purposes exceeded $598 million. By far the largest part of this was spent locally, with payments for new and past building exceeding even the salaries of ministers. Still, nearly $1 of every $6 was applied to benevolences in some form. (These figures include gifts made directly to church-related institutions and benevolences of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, which usually are not shown as part of a local-church budget.)

It is easy to understand the preacher's salary, local operation, and building costs. Let's move on out and look at what happens to the money we give for use outside our own congregation—particularly for conference and World Service benevolences.

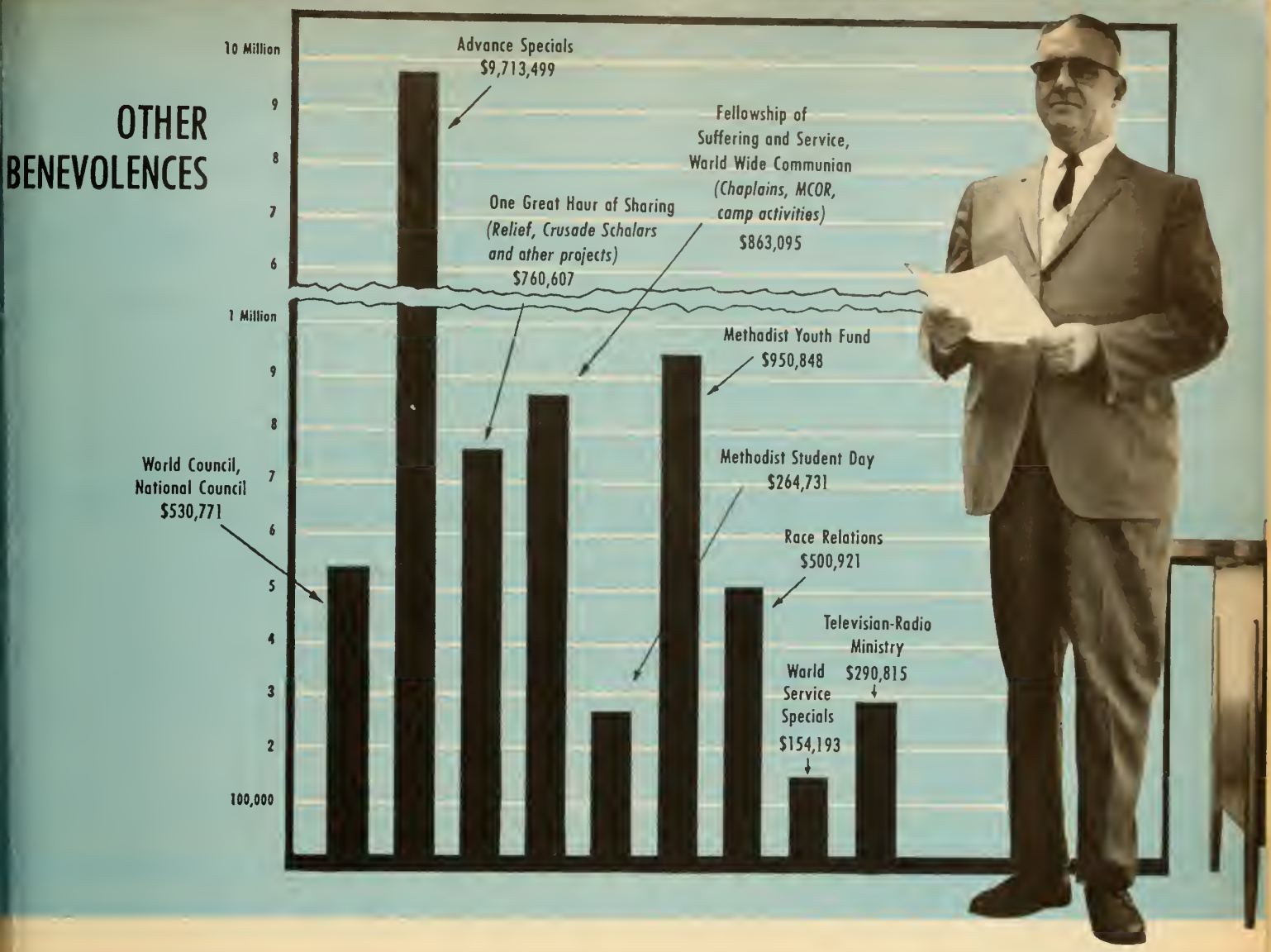
Each annual conference, made up of representatives from local churches, decides what part of these benevolence monies shall be kept in the conference and what part will go elsewhere. This ratio may approximate 50-50 or it may go as far as 70-30 either way, depending upon needs and resources. But the annual conference knows it is expected to pay a certain amount to World Service. This "apportionment" has been calculated by a formula fixed by the General Conference. The annual conference, in turn, sets an apportionment —an asking—for each church.

The item appearing in your local-church budget as a result of this process is "World Service and Conference Benevolences." As the name implies, this giving goes to work in two distinct ways:

1. Conference Benevolences. This item, with local variation, is likely to provide:

- The Conference program in Christian education, including a staff to counsel with church-school superintendents and teachers, a youth program, and camps.
- Services to local churches in such program areas as evangelism, lay activities, Christian social concerns, and missions.
- Current support of hospitals, homes, and colleges.
- Social-service centers (urban and rural), ministry to migrant workers.
- Aid to mission churches, including storefronts, churches in depressed areas, and outposts.
- New churches. Sometimes they receive help from conference benevolences; if not, from a separate church extension fund.

OTHER BENEVOLENCES



Dr. Don A. Cooke, general secretary and treasurer of the Council on World Service and Finance, oversees the distribution of funds to the general church agencies.

2. *World Service.* The churchwide budget for World Service is set every four years. Currently it is $15 million, an amount fully paid in 1962-63. After certain prior claims, each dollar is divided by formula into these categories:

- *World Missions, 32.88¢.* For administration of our missions overseas, some salaries for missionaries, and some institutional work. It is a base upon which further work can be built through Advance Specials—gifts designated by the donor for use in specific places.
- *National Missions, 25.83¢.* For "home" missions in the 50 states, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic. It works with minority groups and in remote areas and supplements the efforts of regular ministers in critical spots. This World Service support is augmented by Advance Specials.
- *Ministerial education, 10.95¢.* Though partly for administration and in-service training, the bulk of this money goes as grants to the 12 Methodist schools of theology.
- *Education, 16.43¢.* This portion of the dollar includes equal sums for the Division of the Local Church (leadership and guidance for local church schools) and the Division of Higher Education (to advise and encourage Methodist colleges and universities). A portion is earmarked for grants to Methodist colleges serving Negroes.
- *Christian Social Concerns, 3.87¢.* For study and action on social questions.
- *Evangelism, 2.56¢.* For leadership, training, and preparing materials.
- *Lay Activities, 2.37¢.* Providing counsel and training in the work of Methodist Men, stewardship, and finance.
- *Television, Radio, and Films, 2.19¢.* To provide audio-visual materials for churches and make a witness through television and radio.
- *Hospitals and Homes, 1.10¢.* For advisory and standard-setting services to Methodist institutions.
- *American Bible Society, 0.91¢.* The 147-year-old ABS acts as the official Methodist agency in Bible translation and distribution.
- *Scarritt College, 0.91¢.* Partial support for an institution to train missionaries and professional Christian workers.
- Fixed sums for pension administration, deaconess pensions, and the American University in Washington, D.C.

Other benevolences, at both conference and general levels, supplement these two basic programs. Now let's trace one of these dollars and see how it

stretches itself to reach projects around the world.

Your Sunday-morning gift goes in the plate. After a prayer of dedication, the minister places it upon the Communion table or altar, where it remains during the rest of the service. As you leave, the corner of your eye may catch a man gathering the plates and slipping out the side door. Who is he?

MOST likely he is the financial secretary, and he is not going far. He heads for an out-of-the-way room where he can count the offering, aided by stewards or members of the commission on stewardship and finance. The empty envelopes are taken by the financial secretary so he can update his records on payment of pledges. Cash and checks are turned over to the church treasurer.

Once safely banked, your dollars enjoy a rest—but briefly. Local funds are expended regularly in accord with the budget. Money you have pledged for benevolences is turned over to another person, the benevolence treasurer. He has a regular schedule (usually monthly) for sending these gifts on to the annual conference treasurer.

The conference treasurer takes out funds intended for annual conference causes, applying them according to budgets or designations. He then sends them to Evanston, Ill., where they are received by Dr. Don A. Cooke, treasurer of the Council on World Service and Finance.

Dr. Cooke distributes funds—again according to budgets or designations—to general church agencies. The agency treasurer applies your gift to salaries, supplies, medicines, or whatever is needed anywhere around the world.

Shortcuts in this route are possible, particularly with special gifts. These, however, are the normal steps.

As head of the financial operation in Evanston, Dr. Cooke sometimes is mistakenly called "treasurer of The Methodist Church." Although no such title exists, this is not far from fact. Actually, he is general secretary and treasurer of the Council on World Service and Finance.

Persistent boosting of Florida belies his Minnesota origin, for Dr. Cooke has spent all of his career in the South except for wartime service as an army chaplain. He learned the discipline of precise records as secretary and editor of the Journal for Florida Annual Conference for 26 years. He served the Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference in the same way for four years prior to assuming his present duties in 1960. He also has been a district superintendent and pastor of several churches, most recently First Church, Bradenton, Fla.

Dr. Cooke's double title indicates that he is not only treasurer, responsible for distribution of some $30 million a year, but also general secretary of the council that bears major budgeting responsibility for The Methodist Church. The annual budgets of most general boards and agencies of the church come before this council for review. From the council also come recommendations to the General Conference for benevolence goals and for fair apportionments to the 97 conferences.

Also under Dr. Cooke's direction are auxiliary services of the Council on World Service and Finance: a program to promote wills and bequests; a department of research and statistics; a file of the names, addresses, and service records of all pastors; a transportation and convention bureau; and a shipping department.

Companion to the council is the agency that tells the story of Methodist general benevolences, the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation. The general secretary is Dr. Elliott L. Fisher, a California native who once directed town and country work for The Methodist Church and was executive secretary of the section of home missions in the Division of National Missions from 1949-54. Dr. Fisher left the superintendency of San Jose (Calif.) District to assume leadership of the commission in 1961.

Dr. Fisher's task is to keep Methodists informed about how their benevolence dollars serve. He uses many media to do it. He is publisher of the *World Service* (Fourth Sunday) leaflets, which reach more than 3 million persons a month, and of *the Methodist Story*, going monthly to commission chairmen, officers, and other key leaders in every Methodist church. His staff produces promotional aids ranging from leaflets and posters to mimeograph stencils, calendars, and mobiles.

Dr. Fisher is also a film producer, for the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation makes constant use of motion pictures and filmstrips. The best current box-office attraction is *See All the People*, a 38-minute color movie documenting Advance Specials. In process is a companion film on World Service.

THE commission has produced filmstrips on World Service, One Great Hour of Sharing, Worldwide Communion Sunday, and Crusade Scholars. It has begun a series of short filmstrips which will outline the entire general benevolence program.

Through the many channels and devices, Dr. Fisher sees a constant purpose: to help his fellow Methodists catch a vision of how they might share in building the kingdom of God. To this end, he has become an apostle of "as much for others as for self," urging congregations to match local expenses by what they give for benevolences. He is also strong for the Advance, pointing out that many churches give liberally to Advance Specials and special offerings to widen their horizons beyond mere payment of their apportionments.

These two men and the agencies they represent assure you, the typical Methodist churchgoer, that the dollar you put in the offering plate this Sunday will be handled safely and promptly, and that the story of the work it does will be told. But Dr. Fisher and Dr. Cooke agree that the story has its proper ending only when the dollar you have given as an act of Christian love is spent in helping a missionary doctor to heal, or in putting a minister into a crowded slum, or in paying the salary of a Wesley Foundation director, or . . .

To this list there is no end!

Fed up with shoddy shoes, tinny toys, and wheezing washers, this family has worked out a four-point shopping guide.

We're Through Buying Junk!

By KIT KUPERSTOCK

MY HUSBAND is an engineer—skillful, conscientious, and hard working—whose paychecks represent hours of painstaking effort. With five small boys, we need every dollar he earns. So . . . we're through buying junk! No more children's boots that curl up in the first rain, no more appliances which we must constantly coax to do their jobs, no more toys that fall apart 10 minutes after we get them home!

What ever happened to integrity and pride of workmanship? We have been disappointed so many times that we even shy away from old company names which used to guarantee quality and good value.

Of course, many businessmen do attempt to apply the ethical standards of their religion to their work, and we have made some purchases well worth the money. My portable typewriter has required only one minor repair in 11 years of constant use. Our youngest son plays with wooden toys we bought years ago for his oldest brother. An occasional appliance quietly does exactly what it is supposed to do.

Many manufacturers still practice Christian ethics in business, turning out excellent products. But the good merchandise often is so surrounded by junk that it takes a lot of time, patience, and determination to find it. A portable testing lab would help, too!

The same brand of shoes I wore as a child wear out twice as fast now. But boys are notably hard on shoes, so perhaps it would be fairer to discuss my own. I no longer play baseball or skip rope, so wouldn't you think a $9 pair of sandals would last the summer—or at least a couple of months? The pair I bought in June had to have the straps sewn back on four times before school started in the fall. Unusual? Not at all. Ask any woman.

As a part-time writer and a full-time mother of five, I don't have much time to sew—but I may have to start in self-defense. Ready-made dresses, even expensive ones, frequently come apart at the seams and have to be completely restitched. Sometimes the buttons must be sewn on more securely before a dress can be worn the first time. This is the shoddy kind of work we refuse to subsidize any longer. I would rather do the job myself—properly—in the first place.

Although we resent any kind of junk masquerading as honest merchandise, nothing angers us as much as the flimsy stuff offered for children. Many times our boys have invested their savings in tin contraptions which promptly came apart in their hands, occasionally inflicting nasty cuts.

David, nine, already is becoming wary. When he received his birthday dollar this year, he took me by the arm and led me into the dime store. "You can buy the groceries later," he said. "I always get gypped when you're not along."

How are we supposed to teach our youngsters the importance of honesty and of doing a job right in the face of experiences like these? David no doubt was remembering the holster which would not support the weight of his six-shooter—a cap gun which came unriveted with the first shot.

I do not think our resentment is unreasonable. Jesus harshly indicted the Temple merchants who were cheating customers too inexperienced to protect themselves. Is it not possible that he would consider many of today's toy departments "dens of thieves"?

David's experiences reminded me

Let's NOT Keep Up With the JONESES

I AM CONDUCTING a one-woman campaign against keeping up with the Joneses. In the past, I was maneuvered by high-pressure advertising—and a spirit of envy—into buying gadgets guaranteed to help me lead "the good life." In the process, I was letting other people make my decisions.

For example: My household had always run without a garbage-disposal unit—until I discovered most of my friends had them. Then I went to work to get my husband to put one in the sink.

He argued: "In the first place, there's the initial cost, then the cost of water and electricity. We'd have to hire a plumber on a retaining basis to keep our two-inch drainpipe unstopped. And in the last place, you're spending more than I make in the first place. Every time I think I'm going to make both ends meet, you move one of them!"

I think this is true of many of us. We have become so used to dressing, driving, decorating, and drawing breath just like the Joneses that we find it difficult to be ourselves and make a sensible decision.

What is "the good life"? Is it being gadget delirious and novelty mad? If we adults cannot set a better example for our young people, how will they be able to finance schools, churches, and civic institutions in the future?

There's a sign trucks often use: "Toot horn, road's yours!" I say, let's use it; let's give the highway of reckless spending—and heedless imitation—to the Joneses.

—BERN ROER

of my own childhood, when I often went shopping with Grandmother. She would shake her head knowingly when we passed a certain food market.

"They put beautiful fruit on top of their baskets," she would say, "and try to get by with hiding bad fruit on the bottom. By their fruits ye shall know them," she would add, her eyes twinkling. She was a tough customer for shenanigan-minded storekeepers.

I wonder what she would think of the maker of the expensive, sturdy-looking bed we purchased recently? Beautifully designed and finished, it looked as if it might last for generations. But the polished exterior was only a disguise for a frame of green, third-rate lumber, and a leg soon came off. When we complained, the manufacturer was indignant.

In a way, I can understand—though not approve—his reaction. Shoddy merchandise has become so commonplace that you are considered a spoilsport if you complain. But while not everyone complains directly, many people are practicing passive resistance to the flood of flimsy goods.

We were overjoyed when we discovered the handmade wooden toys and puzzles from Southern Appalachian craft centers. We are not only getting our money's worth, but feel that our children are absorbing an appreciation of fine workmanship through every fingertip as they handle the beautifully finished wood. There is a special quality about toys which can be passed along from generation to generation.

And we have found British-made toy cars a welcome contrast to "unbreakable" plastic toys which shatter at the first blow, or—when they do live up to their name—quickly shed their wheels and other moving parts. One we accidentally left buried in the sand pile last fall emerged this spring almost as good as new, its paint only slightly scratched.

But more direct action is needed to reduce the mass of shoddy merchandise on the market today. Complaints are a first step. With this in mind, we have worked out the following four-point shopping guide:

1. *Keep your standards high.* Decide what you want before you enter the store and do not settle for anything less. Do without instead of compromising.

2. *Speak up.* Tell the storekeeper or manufacturer when something you buy is especially satisfactory—or when it is not. They may welcome the information, and they will not be lulled into a false sense of security by an apathetic buying public. Needle them or praise them, but keep them on their toes!

3. *When buying anything expensive, ask the salesman how long you can expect it to last.* Ask for a written guarantee. If the article does not live up to the promise, take it back. That is what we do, and it gets results!

4. *Utilize home trials.* Especially when shopping for appliances, insist upon a trial installation before you sign on the dotted line. If your credit rating is good, this is easily arranged, for competition is keen in this field. The success we have had with recently purchased appliances is solid proof of this system's effectiveness.

Above all, remember that spending money is just a practical way of trading some of your work for someone else's. You have a right to expect—yes, even demand—fair value in return. That is why we have decided that we're through buying junk!

Battle of the Sexes

Schedule, he says,
it will make you efficient.
I doubt with five youngsters
he'd be more proficient.
System he says,
and draws up a plan
utilizing each minute,
that's just like a man;
but I spent some time
digging worms for a can.
Budget he says,
you'll accomplish it all;
but he doesn't allow
for a telephone call,
or minutes that passed
while climbing a wall,
or time spent with sister
dressing her doll.
Schedule, system, or budget—
not one have I;
yet when he comes home,
there is blueberry pie.

—*Jene M. Ueberroth*

A pastor finds the answer to a practical-minded man's challenge . . .

CAN I BUILD A BETTER WORLD?

By GEORGE C. DESMOND
Zuma Methodist Church
Hillsdale, Ill.

AFTER I preached a sermon on *Building a Better World*, a businessman said: "Reverend Desmond, you really ought not preach like that. In this big world what can one man do about anything? When we think of the war today between communism and democracy, it leaves me feeling as though I don't count."

Far too many of us take this defeatist attitude in the face of world problems. Apparently all we can do is twiddle our thumbs and hope that the world will come out all right. Many fear that there is no hope.

We have forgotten that Christian history teaches what one man can do. Jesus was one man in Galilee; Paul was one man in the Roman Empire; Martin Luther was one man in Germany; John Wesley was one man in 18th-century England. Our historical heritage demands that we recognize the power of one man to build a better world.

But how is one man to face the task? Is he to construct shelters for himself or to store guns for fighting off his neighbors? Will the better world be discovered by making more destructive bombs, or by imprisoning more men than do the Russians?

I am convinced that we are to build this new world by living as Christians, by letting God build his kingdom through our lives. Despite modern transportation and communication, which have shrunk the globe, my own little world is still my home and my community. It is here that I can do my part to create a better world.

Close at hand is the principal tool I need for its rebuilding—love. Why do we show so little love?

Two years ago, I spent many hours on different days visiting with a couple whose home was breaking apart. Their love had turned to hatred. Finally I asked the man, "Do you ever call your wife 'Darling'?" With anguish, he replied, "I just can't do it any more." "Will you try?" I asked.

The next day his wife wept as she told me that he had used that one little word. After that, both of them began trying again to go out of their way to show affection. Those two rebuilt their world!

Some time ago, I was asked to visit an irritable old lady who had been bedridden for more than three years and who wanted to talk only of her troubles. I would feel myself cringing as I approached her door for my weekly visit. Then one day I took myself to task, saying inwardly, "This is all wrong. Your calls are not helping her at all, and they are hurting you."

That very day I made a complimentary little remark about the sewing she was doing. For the first time, she smiled at me. Her eager response, "Do you really like it?" haunted me for days afterward. On my next visit I mentioned the flowers someone had given her and the new gown she was wearing. After that, her smiles came oftener, and we talked less of her troubles. Then one day as I stepped through her doorway she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad you came today! I wanted to tell you first that I took my first steps in therapy this morning!" They were her first steps in nearly four years!

As a pastor, I have served in many churches. I have had experience with many Woman's Societies—have eaten their dinners, attended their programs, spoken to them. But I wonder if many of us pastors do not look upon these groups in a routine sort of way.

Once I attended an afternoon tea the Woman's Society held for the lonely and elderly of the village. Each member was responsible for bringing guests. The whole afternoon was filled with a buzz of happiness and gentle laughter. The "golden-age tea" has become an annual event. The younger women look forward to it as much as the older ones. Surely, their world has become a better world!

The things that bring gladness are often little things. A box of homemade cookies placed in the mail box for a rural mail carrier, a glass of lemonade for the painter, an extra nickel for the boy who brings the paper—such thoughtfulness can bring a smile to any face.

No gift has ever pleased me quite so much as a crooked little wooden cross, its fresh paint somewhat streaked. A six-year-old boy had made it for me. His mother called to apologize because it looked crude. In 20 years as a minister, I have never had a lovelier gift. That six-year-old loved me! And without knowing it, he built a better world.

Two thousand years ago, beside a dusty road in Galilee, a gentle Man in a seamless robe of white said what I have been trying to say:

"Whatever you wish that men would do to you, do so to them." And, "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."

This is the blueprint; we have only to take it and use it if we would build a better world.

Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International Sunday School Lessons

Paul D. Lowder
Davidson, N.C.

Charles M. Smith
Bloomington, Ill.

D. Clifford Crummey
San Francisco

H. Thornton Fowler
Nashville, Tenn.

M. Everett Dorr
Arlington, Va.

DECEMBER 1

Now as you excel in everything —in faith, in utterance, in knowledge, in all earnestness, and in your love for us—see that you excel in this gracious work also. —2 Corinthians 8:7

CAN YOU imagine anyone begging for an opportunity to give money? Yet this is exactly what the churches in Macedonia did. And Paul used it as an example for the church at Corinth. What a contrast to much of our giving today!

In the context from which this verse is taken, Paul says three significant things about giving.

It is a privilege. His friends in Macedonia realized this when they asked to have a part in sending financial aid to the mother church in Jerusalem. It is always a privilege to be in a position where we can help others. One layman who discovered this thanked his pastor for the opportunity of sharing in a special project in their church.

Those whom Paul uses as an example first gave themselves to God. Any giving is shortchanged which is given without the giver's commitment of himself. Could this be the reason for the lack of joy in our giving so often?

Giving is a way of proving that our love is real. Love unexpressed is inadequate love. If love does not lead to some expression of love, it is of little value.

I find it disturbing that it is more fun to give good things to our children than to anyone else. Surely, when we love God and his other children adequately, we will find just as much joy in giving to them.

Paul calls giving a "gracious work." How often are we more faithful in other virtues than in this one?

Prayer: Our Father, whose love for us is genuine, fill our hearts with love so that we may find joy in being generous with all that thou hast given us. Amen.

—PAUL D. LOWDER

DECEMBER 8

For it is not the man who commends himself that is accepted, but the man whom the Lord commends.—2 Corinthians 10:18

NOT LONG ago, I was a reluctant participant in a seminar of lay and clerical Christians, assessing the task of the church in today's world. Quite predictably, the meeting spent itself in a zealous warming over of all the ideas, stereotypes, and clichés of and about the Christian church and its mission which may have at one time stirred men's minds. But today, they evoke at best a mood of nostalgia among those who are getting on a bit, and indifference from those too young to remember that once this was exciting stuff.

The depressing thing about this exercise was that no one seemed to doubt that God would approve, bless, and exalt the effort to do what we had been doing for years, making the same dull appeals we have been accustomed to making, couched and clothed in the standard pious nomenclature so familiar and so boring.

A tentative suggestion that maybe God would not be offended by a witness with a little more zing in it was discarded as too ridiculous for serious discussion.

It must have been a similar cast of mind in the church at Corinth to which Paul addressed the stinging admonition that our own commendation of Christian endeavors is quite secondary to the divine commendation—implying that the Corinthians were deficient in the saving grace of humility.

There is no question that Christian work and witness must be positive and conviction filled. But the thinnest of lines divides the spirit of gracious conviction from the smugness of a locked-up mind. It takes more than a little wit, wisdom, and humility to keep to the sunny side of the line, but the line bounds the land of effective and creative Christian life and witness.

Prayer: When we are short of humility and too much at ease in the

Zion of our self-approval, as we often are, forgive us, O Lord, chastise us according to our need, and renew a right spirit within us. Amen.

—CHARLES MERRILL SMITH

DECEMBER 15

For I am not ashamed of the gospel: it is the power of God for salvation to every one who has faith, to the Jew first and also to the Greek.—Romans 1:16

GEORGE AND Ralph had worked in the same office for almost five years and considered themselves to be good friends. One weekend they came face to face at a church conference. Almost in unison they said, each to the other, "How did it happen I didn't know you are a churchman as I am?" Yes, how did it happen?

How does it happen that so many of us manage to sidetrack any discussion of religion with our friends?

St. Paul wrote, "I am not ashamed of the gospel." Perhaps he felt some temptation to shame. Most of us do from time to time. If we do not put ourselves on record as being *for* the gospel, we do not have to be quite so careful. It seems so much *safer* to live that way.

Somehow our safe living does not give us the satisfaction and joy that should be ours. One who follows the way of Christ cannot go just halfway, even though the way is difficult. He must live in faith, putting his trust in God. For faith in the God of Jesus Christ—the Gospel—"is the power of God for salvation."

Never has the need been greater for persons who are not ashamed of the Gospel. If the Gospel is to find its way into our great metropolitan areas, it will be carried by the lay persons—those who will live and speak for God. The ministry of the laity must become the basic ministry of the church.

Your statement of the Gospel, in word or deed, may lead another to a faith in which he may find the power of God in his life.

Prayer: O God, whose love brought us into being, remind us that through faith in the Gospel of thy Son we can find fullness of life. Give us courage to stand firm in the faith in any circumstance. Amen.

—D. CLIFFORD CRUMMEY

DECEMBER 22

But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.—Galatians 4:4-5 (KJV)

I CANNOT forget. He was a boy who made each session of my church-membership training class thrilling. One session he asked, "How does God come to us? How do we know him?" His eyes beamed as he said:

"I think God is like television. He is everywhere. We have to adjust ourselves. Then a picture comes on in the inside of us, but it is really hard to 'say' the picture."

Do not the words from Galatians given above state something of the same idea as given in the language of the child?

Christmas speaks of the picture of God coming on in our hearts as God's acts of coming to us are disclosed. His acts have been discovered in studies of the universe, in human beings—specifically in Jesus Christ, in the teachings of the Old Testament, in redemption through Christ, in the relationship of sons in Christ, and in the experience of the Son in the heart crying, "Abba, Father."

When the picture of God is clear within us, we know the meaning of the words, "So through God you are . . . a son, and if a son, then an heir." Really the picture is the expression of the actual presence of God in us.

Heirs of God are yet to inherit what is to come from God. So may Christmas be an increasingly continuous conceiving of Christ in our hearts.

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee for sending thy Son. May thy Son in us enable us to live as children in the family of God. Amen.

—H. THORNTON FOWLER

DECEMBER 29

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control; against such there is no law.—Galatians 5:22-23

THE POET Keats once said, "The first thing that strikes me upon hearing of a misfortune having befallen another is this, 'Well, it cannot be helped. He will have the pleasure of trying the resources of the spirit.' "

The resources or fruit of the spirit come to a person over a period of time and by persistent effort, not in any momentary flash. Like money on deposit in an account, making financial resources available, deposits for the spirit are necessary to produce kindness, faithfulness, gentleness.

Beginnings are made in early childhood as parents or adults help the individual to make right choices, first simple, then increasingly more complex as his area of understanding expands. This involves foregoing immediate satisfaction for more permanent values on the road to maturity.

Making good choices or decisions also involves accepting the consequences. All too frequently parents seek to shield children from the consequences of unfortunate decisions. But, how else does one learn? Observing a parent or "idol" engaged in the acts of joy, patience, faithfulness, or self-control will motivate a growing child. Experiencing the fruit of the spirit will give meaningful satisfaction.

As a high-school girl once said to the writer, "I feel the best inside when I do something for someone because I want to, not because I have to." There is no greater compensation.

It was Jesus who said, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Prayer: O Thou creator and sustainer of all mankind, open our mind's eye that we may see more clearly and understand more quickly the things of the Spirit; and, partaking of the fruit of the Spirit, may we be nourished and enriched to live effectively for thee. Amen.

—M. EVERETT DORR

'Like the Skins of an Onion'

(INTERPRETING A PASSAGE IN *Peer Gynt* BY HENRIK IBSEN, ACT V, SCENE 5)

I peel away another onion skin
Of self, and when, and if, at last the core
I reach, what will I find? Will it be more
Of the same self unchanged—or God within?

—ELIZABETH P. MOSS

Good Neighbor Club started six years ago when Nurse Frances Watson asked her friend, Laura McClure, to help one needy family.

Mrs. Laura McClure:

Akron's Good Neighbor

DECEMBER is a busy month for Laura McClure. But, so are the other 11 months, too!

Anyone hardy enough to match the year-round pace Mrs. McClure sets in her hometown of Akron, Ohio, will find her collecting and distributing food and used clothing for families in need, visiting the sick and elderly, calling on prisoners, arranging interviews for job-seekers, and working with public welfare and United Fund agencies to help needy persons in special ways.

Mrs. McClure is a longtime Methodist whose concern for people is inbred. In the last six years, however, it has taken form in a community-wide club dedicated to the proposition that the world needs good neighbors—even in the impersonal crush of life in a large city.

It started with a question asked by one of Mrs. McClure's friends. Frances Watson, then a nurse with the Akron Visiting Nurse Service, was appalled by the need in many homes where she was called to care for the sick. One day she asked Mrs. McClure if she had any clothing for a desperately poor family. Mrs. McClure immediately raided her closets, and shortly Mrs. Watson

Mrs. McClure often plays the piano for church meetings, but her musical skill is especially appreciated by lonely patients of a nursing home she visits regularly.

Abandoned by her husband, this young mother of two receives regular help from the Good Neighbor Club.

Mrs. McClure brought both clothing and food to this slum home where a father of nine was injured and out of work.

delivered a bundle of garments.

Afterward, Mrs. McClure pondered how she could continue to help. Her two daughters were all but grown. Keeping house for them and her husband, Harold, a rubber-plant worker, did not take her full time.

Talking with members of her church-school class at North Hill Methodist Church, she found them interested, too. "Why not organize a club?" she proposed.

Soon the Good Neighbor Club became a reality. With North Hill Methodists comprising the bulk of its membership, it has expanded to include many others. "We have no boundaries of race, color, creed, or geography among those we help or our workers," says Mrs. McClure.

The 1,570-member North Hill congregation and its pastor, Dr. Charles A. Albright, provide assistance and encouragement. A church-owned house was turned over to the club, and financial support ($1,859 in cash last year)

One of Mrs. McClure's most fruitful projects: securing tools for this boy's use in trade school. He finished first in his class.

comes largely from North Hill members. Club members supplement the cash with volunteer work and donations of clothing, food, and household articles.

One member gives his time repairing radios and television sets—gifts prized especially by aged persons living alone and unable to get outside their homes. Sewing groups meet weekly to mend and sort donated articles, and many club members spend countless hours visiting homes, delivering food and —perhaps most important—sharing personal friendship with the old, the needy, the lonely.

What motivates the Good Neighbors to spend so much of their time and their own funds helping others? Mrs. McClure explains her feelings simply: "I just like to go and help them, as would any Christian who cares. I love them all."

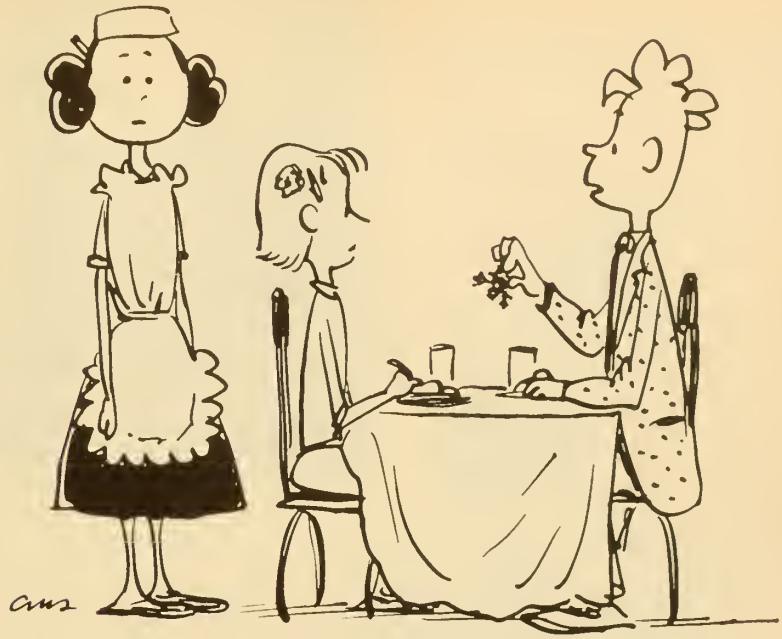
Mrs. McClure and other members of Good Neighbor Club serve luncheons to earn money for the club treasury.

Sundays are busy, too. Mrs. McClure is pianist for the primary department at North Hill Methodist Church. Here she plays while children present their offerings.

Preparations for Christmas get underway in January with the repairing of used toys. Here Mrs. McClure delivers dolls for a club member to refurbish.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"May I have a bag, Miss? I'd like to take this parsley home to my rabbit."

DECEMBER is the month for real Christian love in your family. Many of the things which bother you at other times seem unimportant now. These are the days when love and helpfulness can prevail easily in the lives of teen-agers.

If your mother is as busy as other mothers this Christmas season, try to help her. During your vacation, you can take over the dishes and a large part of the housework. Your help will be the nicest Christmas present she will receive.

How about your brothers and sisters? I know that you bicker with them frequently. Can you make a special effort to get along with them now? They will mellow if you try. Does your family sing Christmas carols together? Perhaps at the dinner table you can foster the Christmas mood by singing of Christ's birth. Or you can gather 'round the piano and raise your voices in song. Don't let radio and TV monopolize the carols in your home.

Presents? They are nice to give and to receive, but they are not the essence of Christmas. Neither are the holiday parties. Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of Christ. It should be a family affair with all of us participating.

Merry Christmas, teen-agers!

Q&A

I am a freshman. I wanted to go out for football. However, my father would not permit it. He played when he was in high school. His hip was injured and he has to use a cane most of the time. He is afraid something like that will happen to me. How can I convince him that football is a safer game now than it was when he played?—T.D. Football statistics indicate the game is gradually becoming safer. However, a good many boys are hurt each fall. Some cautious parents refuse to let their sons play. You will have to abide by your dad's decision. I suggest you take up a game he would approve, and try to become a star in it.

Q&A

On our vacation trip last summer, I met a boy from California. I lied to him about my age. I'm only 14, but I told him I was 16. We have written many letters since then. My conscience bothers me. Don't you think I should tell him my real age?—M.R. Yes, I do.

Q&A

I'm 14 and pretty shy. At the beginning of the school year I had a boyfriend. We both enjoyed being together in a group. I was too bashful to talk and couldn't think of anything to say. Because of this, I think he thought I didn't like him. Now he is becoming interested in me again. What can I talk about? How can I overcome my shyness?—E.S. Make a mental list of all the things he is interested in. Sports, for example, or hobbies, or music, or science, or cars. Then work out a question or two around each interest. When you are together, ask some of them. Get him started talking. Be a good listener. He will enjoy himself, and you will forget to be shy.

Q&A

I'm 17, six-feet-four, and play on our high-school basketball team. A pesky little girl of 13 keeps doing stupid things to attract my attention. She follows me around like a puppy dog. She even told me she loves me. Is she crazy, or something?—K.M. She's not crazy; she is in the throes of her first love. Be patient with her, but try to make it clear that you are not interested in her. Talk with your mother. Probably she had crushes on bigger boys when she was young, and can help you understand. The girl will change soon.

Q&A

How can I give my boyfriend more self-confidence? He is very bright and a capable, good teen-ager, but he has a poor opinion of himself. When I compliment him, he thinks I'm insincere. Is there any way to help him?—A.A. One good way would

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church

How do we view reincarnation? This belief that the soul is reborn, after this life, in another body is found in some Oriental religions, especially Hinduism. The sacred cows that one sees in the streets of Indian cities and villages are thought to shelter the souls of the departed. In Borneo, some people believe that their dead are reincarnated in the wild animals which frequent their raised coffins.

The idea, in varied forms, has appeared in Christianity, notably in the Gnostic sects, but it has been repudiated by most theologians. It is at variance with the Christian idea of resurrection, whether the reanimation of dead bodies (as in Judaism) or the thought of a new body for a new world (as in Paul).

How does God speak to us? Through feelings (even hunches), through events, through books and people—in many ways that may seem difficult for us to understand because they are so delicate and so subtle.

God seldom answers prayer in so many words, and we never try to summon him to hear our prayers. (Buddhists clap their hands to draw the attention of deity before offering prayers.)

In *Existentialism and Religious Liberalism,* John F. Hayward puts it this way: "God contains and absorbs the whole of man, including his prayers, and responds as wisely and lovingly to the spontaneities and offerings of man as he does to the spontaneities and offerings of all nature. God is the one dimension of being that responds to man more richly and completely than any other, even than man himself."

Do we baptize children of nonchurch members? Of course, for the unbeliefs of parents are not necessarily visited on their children. The Baptism ritual says that all persons "are heirs of life eternal and subjects of the saving grace of the Holy Spirit."

Nevertheless, the nurture of the home is such that the child without parents who enjoy and enrich the church with their presence and their gifts is at a positive disadvantage as he seeks to become "a worthy member of Christ's holy church." The church can help, throwing its arms of support and affection around him—and maybe, through him, it can win the parents.

"Every quest means questians," explains Bishap Noll, episcopal leader af Methodism's Minnesota Area. The bishop particularly enjoys answering the queries of youth. An experienced religiaus jaurnalist, he is the outhar of several books prompted by youthful questions.

be to find his special talents, then help him exploit them. I knew a boy like this who turned out to be a fine trombonist. He got into a Dixieland band, played many solos, and began to feel successful for a change. Success is the best antidote to the feelings of inferiority in normal people.

Q&A

I have tried out for the high-school glee club three different times. The director always says my voice isn't good enough. I love to sing. Several of my friends are in the glee club. They say my voice is better than half the kids in it. Does the director have it in for me?—F.Y. Probably not. Glee clubs are selective and directors have to make choices. Some persons are bound to be disappointed. I know of schools which have a "grand chorus" for all the students who want to sing. Some meet during the school day, and some after school. They were not selective. Every student was welcomed. The whole chorus had fun. Ask your director about starting one in your school.

Q&A

I am a girl of 13. I don't know what is wrong inside me, but I steal. I've stolen many things which I did not need. I also have taken clothes from a store. I pray to God for help in stopping. Sometimes I can go for a month or so, but when I see money, I take it. I'd die if I got caught; I know that will happen if I don't stop. Please, Dr. Barbour, help me!—E.W. Many small children experiment with taking things which do not belong to them. They are caught and punished. They stop soon. When a girl of your age cannot control the urge to steal, the problem is serious. Almost certainly your stealing is a symptom of a basic maladjustment. You need help from a psychiatrist or a qualified psychologist. You *must* tell your parents what is happening. Ask them to have your family doctor refer you to a specialist.

Teens—*why huddle with your troubles? It's better to share them—confidentially—with one who understands teen-age muddles. Write Dr. Barbour, c/o* TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill., for friendly help.*

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IF WE should divide the history of literature into various ages as the archaeologist does with civilizations, we could hardly call this the age of the novel.

I suppose we produce more sheer bulk in this field than has any previous generation, but we are not enjoying a flowering period of fiction. There are many interesting little stories produced, and now and again a segment of life is described with analytical skill. But the books which create unforgettable persons are so few and far between as to constitute a rarity. It is almost as if persons in themselves have ceased to be of much interest or concern.

One reason is that the world of our time is so exciting in itself that just the reporting of facts carries dramatic power. Atomic affairs and space adventures have become the commonplace of the news reports. It is hard to view any individual's career and regard it as exciting as events in the daily newspaper. The feverish tempo of the day makes it difficult for us to settle back and enjoy a leisurely exploration of character. And so our escape stuff is of the Western variety, depending more on riding and shooting than on a sympathetic sharing of the day-by-day experiences of some family or individual.

I think this explains the growing popularity of nonfiction and the lessening attractiveness of fiction itself. Our minds are geared to the actual, and we respond to a portrayal of the startling possibilities immediately around the next corner. There seems to be a curiously unreal quality about a novel when people are deluged with stories of sudden death on the highways and murder in the next block—to say nothing of the threats of total annihilation.

We have produced what someone has called "fictionless novels." These are books with a thin plot but actually written around the theme of an actual situation or condition. A man writes about a labor union in order to publicize his ideas of the place of labor in modern society. Or another person writes a book about the accidental starting of World War III to show how precarious is our situation. No one remembers who the hero was because the hero was never important.

Out of such books we simply remember the general theme or the proposition which was the foundation of the story. The characters are usually puppets manipulated by the author to prove his point. It is the sort of thing Upton Sinclair did at the beginning of the century. Such writers are reporters or reformers, but they are not novelists.

•

It is a great experience, therefore, when one turns to a book that has something of the art of fiction within it and reveals the authentic mark of a creator of character. It makes me think that one of our most pressing dangers is the dehumanization of human life and that one of our greatest needs is a recovery of the sense of the wonder and value of people. So I invite you to turn to **THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN**, by **Morris L. West** (*Morrow*, *$4.95*). Here is a novel in the more classical sense. Not by coincidence, it is a novel about the Christian church.

My constant complaint is that nobody writing about a Protestant preacher seems to know anything about him. This book is about a pope, which would seem even more difficult, and it may fail to please everyone who is close to the Vatican. But to one who is not close to Rome, this book is more than satisfactory.

We have a very great novel here, for it has created a believable and unforgettable person. This pope is both a human being and a man made in the image of God. Humble and aware of his power, he has to come to terms with his responsibility for a great institution, but he is clear about his personal obligations to Christ.

The very term "pope" has been anathema to most Protestants. We have read of the scandals connected with the office in the Middle Ages, and the idea of giving a man infallible powers has seemed to us evil. The way to cast suspicion on any disliked trend in Protestantism has been to brand it a return to popery. It is no mean accomplishment, therefore, to portray such a man in such a way as to rouse admiration and respect in the minds of the children of the Reformation. Such has been done in this book.

It may be that recent developments in connection with the Vatican Council have prepared the way for more mutual understanding and appreciation. This has been a miracle, and we must be grateful to God that all Christians are closer together. Some of us are beginning to realize that Catholic priests and Protestant pastors have more in common than once we thought. I am sure that a Catholic bishop and a Methodist bishop would find their tasks more alike than either has realized. Of course the pope is in a class by himself, but even here, this book has put windows in the wall.

One has the feeling that Morris West must have had prophetic insight as to what was going to happen in the Roman Catholic Church. There is portrayed the Jesuit priest whose evolutionary theories could not be published and who seems to be a thinly disguised Teilhard de Chardin whose *The Phenomenon of Man* could not be published until after his death.

A Protestant finds it almost impossible to justify that kind of sacrifice demanded of such a scholar in the name of the church, but there is at least a glimmer of understanding of why it is done. This point may prove to be a bigger stumbling block to mutual understanding than the theological differences.

What promises to be a liberalizing movement in the Roman Church will certainly be encouraged by this novel. It also will bring light to Protestants regarding Catholic thought and procedure. Aside from these very important facts, it is good to have portrayed a churchman who is both saint and administrator. I wish someone could do this for The Methodist Church and get the bad taste of *The Stained Glass Jungle* out of our mouths.

Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

IF YOU are occasionally afflicted—as I am—by the feeling that the world has grown too small, I suggest you go to the window and look out and up. An expanding universe carrying 100 billion galaxies farther and farther apart in space. Ten billion planets suitable for organic life something like that on earth. That is the picture Harvard astronomer **Harlow Shapley** gives us in ***The View From a Distant Star*** (Basic Books, $4.95).

Lest this give you delusions of grandeur, Dr. Shapley points out that from a cosmic bird's-eye view of this insignificant planet in a solar system on the fringes of one galaxy, man is much less important than he usually thinks he is.

It is a hard pill to swallow, this cosmic humility, he writes, "but we no longer doubt the facts. Our God (or gods, as the case may be, or Deity, or Nature, or First Cause) has much more on His (their, its) 'hands' than a paternal concern for peripheral, transient, terrestrial primates—much more than the kindly care of the biota of one planet.

"The Universe, it seems to me (whom am, by the way, a religious man—on my definition of religion), is much more glorious than the prophets of old reported, and we are actors in a greater show than the old billing led us to expect."

Man is secure in this universe if he can conquer himself, Dr. Shapley believes. Our true enemies are poverty, disease, suspicion, and ignorance. If these can be obliterated, we could construct a civilization of which *Homo sapiens* could be proud. And it would take just 1 percent of the resources, fervor, and self-sacrifice that we devoted to the murderous enterprises of the Second World War.

Young people in their early teens will find an absorbing story of man's growing comprehension of the heavens in the new revised edition of ***The Kingdom of the Sun*** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50), by **Isaac Asimov**. It traces man's concepts of the universe from the days of the early Greeks.

Their younger brothers and sisters will prefer ***The Earth in Space*** (Random House, $1.95), written and illustrated by **John** and **Cathleen Polgreen**. This is an easy-to-read science book that does not talk down to its youthful readers.

Millions know her as **Minnie Pearl**, the saucy country girl seen on television, heard on radio, or visited at the Grand Ole Opry. Too bad not so many people know Mrs. Henry Cannon, the former Miss Sarah Ophelia Colley of Centerville, Tenn. You would enjoy her, for she has had a lot of good Methodist upbringing, is the product of a rather exclusive girls school, and —as one of her own Minnie Pearl fans once said—"she's a right pert, refined sort of woman who can talk as good sense as she can talk nonsense."

Some of the real person shines through in Mrs. Cannon's latest Minnie Pearl role, that of author, even if her little book is couched in the familiar language of the straight-from-the-country comedienne from Grinders Switch. Her friend Tennessee Ernie Ford writes the introduction to Minnie Pearl's ***Christmas at Grinders Switch*** (Abingdon, $1.50).

". . . you will be wafted into the beautiful hills of Tennessee at Christmastime," Ford writes. "For some it will be . . . a honing of sweet memories. From cider to little angel's wings, hot bread to apron strings, you will laugh at the humor, applaud the Christmas play, smell the kitchen, and be totally enveloped by the warmth."

For me, it was like having Minnie Pearl drop by for a visit—with her usual "Howdee, I'm so proud to be here!"—and then spending a couple of hilarious hours telling me about Christmas at her house "'way back when."

I now bear personal witness to a miracle—to me, a spiritual miracle as well as one technological. It came one recent evening when I put on the family phonograph two long-playing "platters" which created the illusion that Dr. Ralph W. Sockman was in our living room. I used to hear him when he was pastor of Christ Church (Methodist), in New York City.

On the records, Dr. Sockman's sonorous voice comes through remarkably in four talks—***Life's Growing Edge***, ***Prisoners of Ourselves***, ***Drama of Deliverance***, and ***Our Shadows of Influence***.

Two of Dr. Sockman's former

Whether or not your children have thrilled to the sight of a shooting star, they'll enjoy The Earth in Space, *an easy-to-read science book written for youngsters.*

parishioners were inspired to produce the recordings through a nonprofit organization they set up: Lifelighter Associates, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N.Y. The album with the two records is priced at $5.95 and is available through Cokesbury stores. I can imagine few gifts more welcomed by Dr. Sockman's admirers, who include not only Christ Church folks, of course, but the millions who listened to his weekly National Radio Pulpit broadcasts. (See page 14 for an article by him.)

When the American forces in the Philippines surrendered to the Japanese in May, 1942, an Army engineer, Lt. Col. Wendell Fertig, chose to take his chances in the jungle. What he accomplished behind enemy lines is the story **John Keats** tells in ***They Fought Alone*** (Lippincott, $6.95).

With the help of a handful of other Americans who refused to surrender, Fertig led thousands of Filipinos in a war against the Japanese. They made bullets from curtain rods, telegraph wire from fence. They fought off sickness, despair, and rebellion within their own forces. Their homemade communications were MacArthur's eyes and ears in the Philippines. And when the Americans finally returned to Mindanao, they found Fertig virtually in control, commanding an army of 35,000 men and at the head of a civil government that had its own post office, lay courts, currency, factories, and hospitals.

Keats, who also served in the Philippines, has captured the pain, brutality, and bravery of this incredible drama. If the soldierly language in the book does not repel you, you will find it a remarkable testament to ingenuity and courage.

Eleanor Roosevelt began working on her last book in the summer of 1962. She continued writing, in spite of ill health, almost to the end; and when she died in November, 1962, the manuscript was completed in rough draft form.

The book was important to her: "I have something I want terribly to say," she said.

Tomorrow Is Now (Harper & Row, $3.50) is her testament and legacy, a book about today and the choices shaping tomorrow that we must make today. It is also a book about yesterday and the history of the nation we carved out of the wilderness, and about the qualities of the men and women who made that history.

Mrs. Roosevelt analyzes what she considered the major problems confronting us in education, in our relations with people of other races and other nations, in developing individual initiative in a society now too prone

'O Come, O Come Immanuel'

HYMN OF THE MONTH

METHODISTS always have prided themselves on being "a singing people." The Wesley brothers and their followers since the 18th century have made enormously creative contributions in music for worship.

Still, modern Methodists draw inspiration from many wells of Christian musical tradition. None is deeper than the Latin heritage from which comes Methodism's "Hymn of the Month" for December: *O Come, O Come, Immanuel*, No. 83 in *The Methodist Hymnal*.

Through several transitions, this hymn has come to us out of the obscurity of the Middle Ages, its tune in the mode of the ancient plainsong or Gregorian chant.

As early as the 9th century, perhaps even before that, a series of seven antiphons (short anthem verses) was sung in the Roman church at vespers on the seven days before Christmas. At some time (music historians think it was about the 12th century) an unknown author took five of these antiphons, changed their order, recast them into a metrical text, and added a refrain.

The hymn as it appears in *The Methodist Hymnal* today is a combination of translations from that original Latin.

The first stanza is the work of John Mason Neale, renowned English hymnologist and Cambridge scholar. He published the first English translation of *O Come, O Come, Immanuel* in his *Mediaeval Hymns* of 1851. The second and third stanzas which Methodists sing were translated in 1916 by Henry Sloane Coffin, then minister of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

More distinctive, perhaps, than the hymn's plaintive words is its tune, *Veni Immanuel*, named for the text from which Dr. Neale made his first translation. Whether or not this music in its present form is genuine plainsong is in doubt. Most probably, it represents an adaptation of several 13th-century plainsong phrases to fit Dr. Neale's words. But several of the phrases are readily identified in musical settings of the medieval church period. In any case, most musicians agree that if this is a modern imitation of an ancient plainsong, it is a good imitation and a fine hymn tune which blends perfectly with the spirit of the hymn's words.

As our hymnal notes, the plainsong mode can best be recreated when the verses of this hymn are sung in unison with harmony used only on the refrain. Even closer to the original style and feeling of this ancient mode is a rendition of the hymn by a for-men-only chorus, singing without piano or organ accompaniment.

More than a Christmas carol, *O Come, O Come, Immanuel* is an Advent hymn. All three verses sound the melancholy cry of pre-Christian longing for the Messiah. Then, triumphantly sounding the Advent message, the hymn joyously proclaims, "Rejoice! Immanuel shall come . . . !" Singing this hymn, Methodists join Christians across continents and centuries in rejoicing because the Promised One is coming. —PAIGE CARLIN

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to conformity, in expanding our economy.

And she speaks of the goal to which she devoted her last years—strengthening the United Nations.

Problems, she believed, will be met, "with imagination, with courage, with faith in ourselves and our cause—the fundamental dignity of mankind." People who "view with alarm," she wrote, never build anything.

If you were intrigued by *New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls* in the August issue of TOGETHER [page 35], you will want to know about a layman's guide to the scrolls written by the same author, **Thurman L. Coss.**

Secrets from the Caves (Abingdon, $3) is written with the same ear for the layman, and displays the same fine eye for research. The question and answer format of the book grew out of response to lectures before civic and church groups.

Dr. Coss, chairman of the department of philosophy and religion at Methodist-related Hamline University, has traveled the area where the scrolls were found. In fact, while tramping the hills of Judea he and his companion were detained by the Bedouins until they could prove their neutral identity.

A warm and intimate picture of family life in India emerges from Nayantara **Sahgal's** autobiography, *From Fear Set Free* (Norton, $4.50). The fact that the family is a distinguished one not only adds to the interest but has given Mrs. Sahgal a front-seat view of what has gone on in her country since independence.

The niece of Jawaharlal Nehru and daughter of Mme. Pandit, she gives us the portrait of a beloved uncle instead of a statesman, and a delightful picture of a woman who never failed to remain a mother in spite of a world-wide career as a diplomat.

Jane Merchant is no stranger to TOGETHER readers [see *Poetess of Faith*, January, 1960, page 17], and you may have one or more volumes of her verse in your own library.

The most recent collection of Jane Merchant poetry is *The Mercies of God* (Abingdon, $1.75). These poems are meditations on the 12th chapter of Romans.

Those of us who have participated in worship services from the time we were old enough to remember are less likely, I think, to ask why we worship as we do than are newcomers to the church.

At least, it was a newcomer's questions that set me to looking up some answers in *A Layman's Guide to Protestant Worship* (Abingdon, 75¢). This paperback book by **Homer J. R. Elford** outlines the patterns of public worship services and reveals how the orders of worship used in many different Protestant churches usually have certain elements in common.

I wish it were written in more triumphant terms. I found it a little cautious and studious. Nevertheless, the material it presents is sound.

A book publisher told me recently that when Christians are asked what subjects they need most help on they invariably answer prayer and the study of the Bible.

I have found an unusual Bible study help in ***Light Through an Eastern Window*** (Robert Speller & Sons, $2.50), in which Indian Orthodox Bishop **K. C. Pillai** explains Bible passages in the light of Oriental customs.

He says of the covenant of salt: "In the East, the taking of salt is a pledge, a promise of fidelity. If I come to your house and eat with you food which has been seasoned with salt, I can never betray you or do you harm. Even if you commit a crime and I am asked to testify, I cannot do it because I have eaten your salt."

One of the most-in-demand books that has come into my office lately is ***The Japanese House . . . Its Interior and Exterior*** (Crown, $5), by **Kiyoko** and **Tatsuo Ishimoto.**

A bit specialized, perhaps, but delightful is this book using pictures and text to describe the basic elements of the deceptively simple, traditional wood-and-paper structures that have had such a profound influence on today's Western architecture and decoration.

I like the book because it gives you real, not idealized, houses—and because it added to my knowledge as well as my vocabulary. I now know that at the *genkan* (entry vestibule) you take off your shoes. You will not need them on the resilient *tatami* mats that cover the floors. And I have seen how *fusuma* (those sliding panels that form interior walls) provide large, open interior spaces or various combinations of open and closed spaces.

It was a little disillusioning to see the Japanese concept of Western rooms. Here it seemed to me that the famous Japanese taste faltered.

Back in the days when my relationship with books was largely through the library, I automatically assumed that the life of a book was as long as the librarians could keep its pages together with rebinding and glue. The book was there, on the shelf, ready for my hand to reach out and choose it, and that was that. So I thought.

When I became a book reviewer, I learned quickly that in the book-selling business it is another story. A publisher

prints an arbitrary number of copies of a new book and, unless the book is a solid success, those are all the copies there will be. Of course, there are best sellers, which have a skyrocketing kind of success, and then there are books people will buy in a slow but steady stream. Books in both categories are reprinted to meet the demand.

Such a steady seller is *The Story of America's Religions* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, $4; $14.95, deluxe). I first reviewed it back in 1961 [February, page 50]. Here, Hartzell Spence has done such a good job of throwing a highlight on the major beliefs of Americans that Abingdon Press has published it as a paperback for $1.50.

You will find other rich treasures on the paperback shelves, for these are books that have been appreciated by so many people that they have been put in this less durable but less costly version for those who value the knowledge therein more than the outward form.

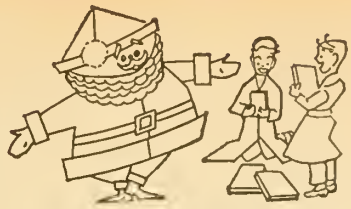
If you know you are going to have some reading time that is going to be interrupted, *With Love and Loathing* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) is just the book for it. This collection of John Crosby's *New York Herald Tribune* columns ranges from the jungles of the Amazon to the jargon of Madison Avenue, deriding "popular culture" and paying tribute to some of the great men who have been part of the last 10 years.

Overconcerned parents may find comfort in a study by a psychologist and his wife of the childhoods of more than 400 famous 20th-century men and women.

Victor and Mildred G. Goertzel report in *Cradles of Eminence* (Little, Brown, $5.95) that approximately 80 percent of the later-famous children loathed school, and 7 out of 10 eminent persons came from homes vastly different from the kind recommended by experts today. Rather than being nurtured in warm and peaceful homes, they were plagued by missing or argumentative parents, poverty, or physical handicaps. However, their parents did value learning.

The children tended to possess superior ability in reasoning and in recognizing relationships. They showed intellectual curiosity, had a wide range of interests, and did effective work independently. Many read at the age of four, almost all were early readers of good books. They were original thinkers and had little patience with drill and routine. They were likely to be rejected by their playmates.

The majority of the children came from middle-class business and profes-



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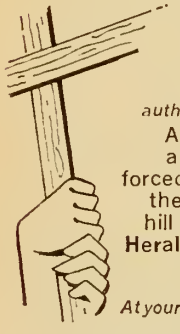

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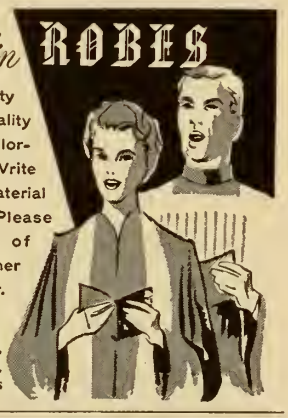

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sional homes. Their brothers and sisters were capable.

It is the non-Catholic families, internationally, that contribute to the world pool of talent in science, and humanitarian and reform movements, the Goertzels say. They ascribe this to the fact that these families are "highly opinionative" and point out that a disproportionately large number of scientists in the U.S.A. are products of Protestant middle-class backgrounds and small liberal arts colleges that mirror these values.

On a foggy October morning, her six children off to school and the manuscript of her first book in the hands of her publishers, **Lesley Conger** decided to take on the classics. She was almost 39 years old and up to that time had read nothing—"except textbooks, novels, magazines, catalogs, cookbooks, PTA notices, cereal boxes, and T-shirts."

Adventures of an Ordinary Mind (Norton, $3.95) is the record of her adventures with books—and her distractions. Dante must be put aside when her youngest daughter snuggles up and says: "We are going to hug forever, and when they find our skeletons, we will still be hugging and hugging." And from time to time, she has to go help the family dog get up enough courage to bark at a stranger. Thus, comments on the classics are delightfully mixed with anecdotes about her one-car, three-typewriter family. She is the wife of a professor of anthropology.

The *Great Mysteries of Science* series is "for readers 10 and up."

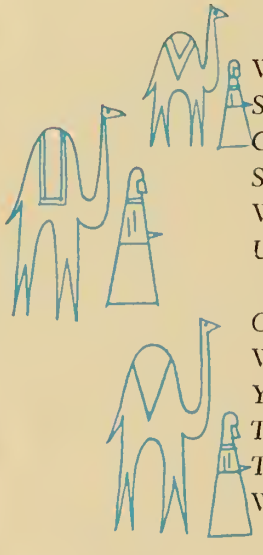
Helen Kay seeks to answer the question ***How Smart Are Animals?*** (Basic Books, $3.75) in a lucidly written report of scientific experiments that would not be above the comprehension of a bright youngster or below the interest level of a curious adult. If that sounds impossible, just try it on your own youngsters after you've read it yourself.

Other books in the series, also $3.75, are ***The Case of the Missing Link***, by **Eleanor Clymer**, which searches back for man's ancestors, and ***The Search for Planet X***, by **Tony Simon**, that ranges out in space for the discovery of the planet Pluto in 1930 and of Neptune a century earlier.

It is really too thin a slice of Cherokee history, even for most Indian buffs, I suppose. But as a Methodist I have been fascinated by the work our church has carried on with the Cherokees—and still does, both in North Carolina and Oklahoma.

So I found good going in ***The Cherokee Frontier***, by **David H. Corkran** (University of Oklahoma Press, $5). Of course, this is all history

Song for a Starry Night



We rode together—Balthasar, Melchior, and I—
Slowly across the lonely, darkened plain,
Going we knew not where. But ere the sky
Should glow with brightness of the day again,
We knew at heart our wanderings would bring
Us to a newborn baby, and a King.

Oh, we had doubts. Oft as we rode along,
We pondered on the fate that brought us there;
Yet in our restless heart there grew a song
That surged and swelled so strong we could not bear
To leave that path, matter not how far,
While we should hear that song and see that star.

And so, amidst our doubts and with our fears,
At length we reached the manger, at the inn;
And there, confounding the traditions of the years,
We found the great Messiah born within.
We had expected halls of gold, and precious stone;
Yet we were Wise Men, and we should have known.

—Vic Jameson

that dates back before the American Revolution, and Methodist concern with the remarkably near-civilized Cherokees did not get up steam until much later. But the book is good background, especially for the Trail of Tears episode so effectively dramatized each summer at Cherokee, N.C.

Oklahoma Indians, by the way, are showing the most rapid increase in Methodist membership of all ethnic elements in the U.S. If this interests you, you may enjoy Mildred P. Mayhall's ***The Kiowas*** (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95).

It was in 1887 that J. J. Methvin started Methodist missionary work among the Kiowas. The book tells little about him or his work, but it does sketch a background on one of the most important Indian tribes in Oklahoma.

It is not a book to be recommended for every home bookshelf. But for a vivid peephole view into the journalistic world, I give you ***Hawkins of the Paris Herald*** (Simon and Schuster, $5.95), by **Eric Hawkins** and **Robert N. Sturdevant.**

Hawkins, an Englishman, was for 36 years the managing editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and I have it from a former Heraldsman now a TOGETHER staff man that this account is as a mirror to its life and times. They reach from guillotining and Wilbur Wright's early flights through the Lindbergh epic and two world wars to Art Buchwald.

A good little book for personal or group devotions is ***Wings of the Spirit*** (Abingdon, $2), by Wallace Fridy. It looks on the Christian faith as high adventure.

A youthful dream of joining an archaeological expedition and taking part in great discovery often persists to an age at which actually doing so would be highly impractical. Who, then, can resist a good book on the subject, especially if it is about Egypt?

A good outlet for the would-be adventurer's frustrations is the new edition of **Dr. Margaret A. Murray's** ***The Splendor That Was Egypt*** (Hawthorn, $8.50).

Just past her 100th birthday, she is one of the last pioneers in Egyptology. This, her *magnum opus,* is the result of years of expeditions and study. She is a former teacher in London and Oxford.

Her book has somewhat more life and vigor than most of its kind, relating the "whys" of many ancient customs. Particularly interesting to me were the portions showing how ancient Egypt influenced the rise of Christianity.

—BARNABAS

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Ah! Those Old Parlor Organs!

When those once full-throated instruments are taken out of discard, a dedicated hobbyist brushes off the layers of dust, then restores their voices. His is truly a labor of love, because the owners could not afford to pay for his meticulous toil.

By ALBERT J. MACK

THE FIRST time I went to church in St. Louis, in the space for hobby on the newcomer's card, I wrote "organ builder." The expression of the usher who inspected the card left no doubt that he disapproved of what he assumed was my humor.

For quite a while I listened patiently to the modern organ while trying to ignore a battered reed organ that had served suburban St. Louis' Bellefontaine Methodist Church several generations. Broken and covered with dirt, it had been shoved out of the way. When the pastor finally was convinced that I really did rebuild organs, I was allowed to take it home for an overhauling which took nine months of spare time. I replaced the foot-powered bellows with an electric blower and tuned the reeds; now the children's voices blend with its rich tones in the church school.

If I were choosing a hobby, I would decide on something more practical than being an organ enthusiast. But I did not choose the hobby—it just developed. In the early 1950s in Little Rock, Ark., I was fascinated by electronic organs. But my wife preferred her old piano and our house was not large enough for both the piano and an organ. Besides, we could not afford an organ.

A piano tuner turned over to me four junked reed organs—old-time, foot-powered parlor organs, not one of which would sound a single note. I crammed them into my already jammed 7 by 11 workshop. After patching up one playing mechanism, I attached our vacuum cleaner for power. The vacuum cleaner made more noise than did the organ, yet I had music. But the net result was an accumulation of dirt, termites, and firewood, plus a little experience and a lot of curiosity.

This led me to the public library. Gathering historical and technical information has been almost as exciting as organ rebuilding. The library bibliographies led me to search for additional books. I found two works in secondhand stocks: Lewis' *Modern Organ Building* (1915) for $5.25, and Audsley's two-volume *Art of Organ Building* (1905) for $200. I bought the former. I now have nine books on organs, and I keep on reading every organ book I can find in libraries.

How to maneuver those long organ pipes around sharp corners to the basement? That's what puzzles the author's son.

After the first practical application of my hobby—rebuilding an antique parlor organ—I felt the need to learn tuning, so I bought a book on the theory of the equal tempered music scale. However, tuning is an artistic craft which requires constant practice and infinite patience, so now I use an electronic tuning device.

I picked up a 1907 two-manual Estey reed organ from a down-on-his-luck musician, paying enough to get him an inexpensive accordion and transportation to Milwaukee. After the organ had been installed in his third-floor Gaslight Square studio, the elevator doors had been narrowed. On moving day, the elevator maintenance men were in such haste to take off for the weekend that they took off only the third-floor doors. The movers lowered the organ to the ground floor, but could not get it out. They solved the dilemma by taking off piece after piece until the nucleus was small enough to go through the door. My wife charitably did not utter a word about the heap of junk piled in our carport, but several neighbor women quietly consoled her.

Painstakingly, for two years, I cleaned, repaired, and reassembled that organ, then tuned it. Again I dismantled it to move it up to our living room. Again the neighbors showed sympathy for my uncomplaining wife when they gaped at the organ dwarfing our upright piano in our small living room. But two months later I sold the organ (netting enough to pay for the replacement parts, plus a pittance for my effort), once more took it apart

It used to take enough foot power to walk many miles to pump the old-timers, muses Albert J. Mack while he replaces the pedal straps of a venerable parlor organ. Nowadays, electricity powers the lungs of such melodious instruments.

and loaded it onto a trailer. It now graces a farm home in Nebraska, where I trust it is inspiring the teen-age daughter to become a professional organist.

How does an organ function? Some persons assume all the draw-knobs on the console control an organ's volume. They do not. The word *stop* is a catchall term applied to almost everything having to do with a rank [set] of pipes. The draw-knobs sometimes are referred to as stops, but many of them do not stand a rank of pipes in readiness when they are drawn. Generally, a stop is a *rank* of graduated pipes—one pipe for each key. As a rule, there are 61 pipes in each manual [keyboard] stop, and 18 to 32 pipes in the pedal stop.

The smallest pipe organ has about 200 pipes, the largest 33,112. The pipes range in length from 3/8 inch to 32 feet, and vary in diameter.

An ordinary pipe organ really consists of three organs, each with its own pipes and keyboard, plus a pedal organ. The pedal organ provides a low pitch. The larger organ may consist of six organs in combination, plus special attachments for percussion and other effects. A pipe organ produces sound by forcing air through the pipes. A large pipe organ is a versatile instrument. In a "unified" organ, one rank of pipes may be played at several pitches simultaneously.

Some old-timers may remember when "blowboys" would take turns pumping the levers of church pipe organs (before electric power). On sweltering Sundays, those lads could work themselves into a lather powering the bellows to let an organ bellow.

The reed organ, which was popular in churches and homes in the late 1800s, has different size metal reeds similar to those in an accordion or a harmonica. It produces sound by drawing in air through the reeds, two pedals being used to create the suction. Modern reed organs have electric motors. Most parlor organs have two ranks [sets] of reeds, bass and treble.

Although my curiosity was stirred by electronic instruments, my real interest lies only in windblown (or steam-blown) organs. "Electronic organ" is a dirty name to lovers of pipe organs, reed organs, calliopes, harmoniums, orchestrelles, melodeons, and other breathing music-makers. Yes, an electronic organ can hum quite well, but an instrument must have wind really to sing with full-throated style.

The electronic organ has no pipes, and it has radio tubes to amplify the sound. While it has a similar range of tone and volume as a pipe organ, its tone is different. Its principal advantages are that it is compact and is less expensive than a pipe organ.

There are many old reed organs gathering dust in churches, especially in nonmetropolitan places. Old organs never die; they just play on. Sentimental fellows like me feel a heart pang when we see the many fine organs being discarded because of the worship of the new.

It is a good thing that we organ enthusiasts have no profit motive, because no one will pay what it is worth to repair an organ. It truly is a labor of love. The charges seldom cover more than the cost of materials, with the pay being the satisfaction of restoring a melodious voice.

One time a friend hauled in an old organ from back home in southern Missouri. After I raked out the mass of dirt and replaced the pedal straps, it sounded good. My fee was a cup of coffee.

Recently while shopping for a photographic enlarger that I could

afford, I came upon an old parlor organ in a camera-shop storeroom. The shop owner, not wanting to dispose of it, yet unwilling to spend much to restore it, simply had pushed it out of the way. I am rebuilding it in exchange for photographic supplies.

Some persons suppose that old organs give up interesting or historic papers. About all I have found is a moldy five-year guarantee. However, many an aged instrument has coughed up pencils and hairpins.

In rebuilding, a minimum of change in the original design gives the best results. But usually it is well to install an electric blower for air power. In making this switch, it is imperative to duplicate the pressure of the original bellows. Pressures as high even as that produced by a vacuum cleaner can result in poor tone, and may damage the reeds.

For years I had longed for a pipe organ, but the prices (even for wrecks) were an unsurmountable hurdle. This last summer I finally heard about one being abandoned in a church that was being demolished. After my bid was accepted, I had only 48 hours to dismantle the organ because the building wreckers were rushing their job. Right now it is a stack of 95-year-old pipes and parts—but it is all *mine!* And I'll get enjoyment from every minute I spend rebuilding it during the next two years.

This hobby is not expensive. My investment is mostly in time and tedium; the reward is in producing something that cannot be bought. I restore life to something of beauty and impressiveness.

Hearing a familiar hymn played on one of the rich-voiced old-timers is one of the greatest rewards of my craftsmanship of music.

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Letters

They Set Her Heart Singing

MRS. GEORGE M. TALCOTT
Jefferson, Iowa

The color pictures in *For the Beauty of the Earth* [*September*, page 35] are inspiringly beautiful, and the verses have been singing in my heart ever since seeing them. Now 81 and a Methodist for 63 years, I enjoy the new series, *Know Your Church*, as I did *Our Methodist Heritage* series and other excellent articles.

Can/Should Protestants Unite?

RICHARD JONES
Corpus Christi, Texas

TOGETHER has made me realize the greatness of The Methodist Church—past, present, and future.

I have noted in particular the recent ecumenical articles: *How Big Should a Church Be?* [April, page 32], *John R. Mott: Spokesman for Ecumenicity* [September, page 28], and *Will Britain Separate Church and State?* [June, page 12].

I believe that unity among the major Protestant bodies is a very real possibility. I wonder how other Methodists feel.

The writer of this letter states that he is only 16.—EDS.

One Letter . . . 100 Magazines

KENNETH R. ANDERSON, *Chaplain*
State Correctional Inst., Rockview
Bellefonte, Pa.

The appeal printed in TOGETHER is bearing fruit [see *Letters*, August, page 59]. We received approximately 100 copies of recent issues soon after the appeal by Dr. G. Weldon Gatlin of the Methodist Board of Evangelism appeared. The men being treated here appreciate being able to read TOGETHER. Thank you.

Methodism Has History!

A. N. DOUGHERTY
Forest Park, Ga.

TOGETHER's fine treatment of Methodist history has been of great help to me in teaching a junior class in church school. The pupils find the stories and pictures interesting.

Although I was reared in a Methodist home and attended church-school regularly, I had grown up before I knew much about the great leaders such as John Wesley, Francis Asbury, Freeborn Garrettson, Jason Lee, Peter Cartwright, "Bible-Toter" Diah Smith, and others. TOGETHER's articles are inspiring.

She Says: Dress for the Occasion

MRS. BERTHA HEISHMAN
Corydon, Ind.

We need to give attention to the matter of proper clothing. I do not think that TOGETHER is the proper place to show people in scanty attire.

A few objectionable pictures are in *Methodists Abroad: They 'Adopted' an MYF Group* [July, page 21], the marching grandmother [*Unusual Methodists* August, page 24], the August cover, and *Backtracking 'Father' Dyer* [August, page 31]. A Christian magazine going into homes ought to discourage instead of encourage this kind of dressing.

A Caption Correction

R. BENJAMIN GARRISON, *Pastor*
Wesley Foundation
Urbana, Ill.

Thank you so much for the November issue of TOGETHER with the article on the 50th anniversary of Wesley Foundation.

In the photo of three boys kneeling [page 1], the name of the one in the center is Jerry Robey (not Brobey).

Gets Lift From Verse

MRS. RUSSELL EDMOND
Palmyra, N.J.

Thank you, M. Madeleine Laeufer, for an escape into the delightful golden moments of yesterday. I put my tattered mind together and memorized your *How Long* [July, page 61].

Salute From a Catholic

BRONSON L. HAVARD
Texas Technological College
Lubbock, Texas

José Míguez' article, *Which Roman Catholicism?* [August, page 12], is an excellent, accurate story on the complex currents of thought now moving rapidly, but not always smoothly, within the church. I have not read another article by a writer, either Catholic or non-Catholic, who more clearly understands the situation.

It is testimony of your Christian charity that you publish such an impartial article.

Dr. Míguez properly emphasizes the word "attitudes." There is no division within the church, but a holy disagreement on the best way to do Christ's work.

Even the apostles had their differences.

We are grateful for these warm words from Mr. Havard, who is a Roman Catholic journalist.—EDS.

Cover Glorifies God

MRS. D. B. WHEELER
Fergus Falls, Minn.

The cover photo on the September issue of TOGETHER is one of the best you have ever used. It glorifies God, not Methodism or Methodists.

Beer Cans Overdone . . .

TODD JOHNSON
Tampa, Fla.

In *Witness at Daytona Beach* [August, page 16], one picture caption

Her Daughter Was There!

MRS. BEN CROWSON
Maryville, Tenn.

I was much surprised to see my daughter Sandra's picture in *Witness at Daytona Beach.*

Sandra (second from left).

She was among 29 high-school girls and boys who went with three chaperons to Daytona.

The young people were unprepared for what they saw at the beach, but by keeping together and with the help of the chaperons they had fun while avoiding trouble.

Sandra had met the Rev. Ed Beck at a youth rally in Chattanooga four years ago, so she was happy that he was carrying on the Methodist witness at the beach.

The witnessing is a wonderful idea, and is badly needed. I pray that it will be made an annual event until the Easter-vacation, merrymaking college students learn the meaning of Holy Week.

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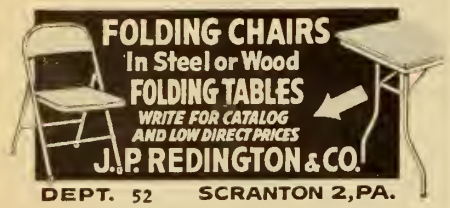

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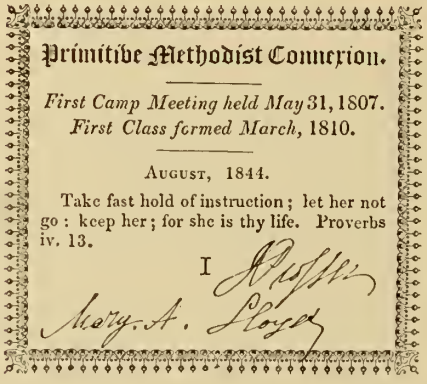
reads: "The beer cans, seen everywhere at Daytona, are . . ."

I have lived in Daytona Beach for 16 of my 18 years, and know that beer cans are not seen everywhere. Since all-inclusive words such as "everywhere" can be misleading, they should be used cautiously in such a fine magazine as TOGETHER.

A Methodist History Reminder

W. L. DIX
Starrucca, Pa.

The Quarterly Tickets pictured in *Letters* [*August,* page 59] reminded me of this one from my grandmother, Mary Ann Lloyd, in the Primitive


Primitive Methodist Connexion.

First Camp Meeting held May 31, 1807.
First Class formed March, 1810.

AUGUST, 1844.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life. Proverbs iv. 13.

I
Mary A. Lloyd

Methodist Connection of the Darlaston Circuit in Shrewsbury, England.

In a Quarterly Preachers' Plan for the Darlaston Circuit for 1849, her name and that of my grandfather, William Howell, appear as "preachers" (really class leaders, I think), with 96 others in the Lord's Day Plan in charge of a service at one of the 30 appointments in that circuit. Lord's Day services were held at 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 6 p.m., weekday services at 7 p.m. at each appointment.

William and Mary Howell came to America in 1849 and joined the Methodist church at Starrucca. In 1880, William was given a "commission" as deacon in the Wyoming Conference. As a local preacher, he occasionally occupied pulpits at the Tallmanville and Lake Como charges.

Re Land and Agrarian Reform

RICHARD G. MILK, *Missionary*
Durango, Mexico

It was a pleasant surprise to note a reference to my research in *Protestant Opportunity in Latin America* [September, page 14]. There are, however, three basic inaccuracies which I feel should be corrected.

The words "land reform" and "agrarian reform" are not synonymous and may have meanings that are diametrically opposed. Land reform usually refers to "divide up the land of the rich among the poor" programs, whereas agrarian reform refers to different economic, social, and political structures which will improve the welfare of all rural people.

My concern in the problems of rural poverty goes back many years, but at no time have I had a formal request by an official of the World Bank to make a study. In private correspondence with one of the directors of the World Bank, I raised the question, "How can I, a foreign guest of the government of Cuba, study intelligently an area of concern so politically delicate as are the agrarian problems?" The director answered to the effect that the problems should be examined in the light of the whole Latin American panorama, and not restricted to Cuba.

At no time would I say that the church should "be involved in land reform." The word "involvement" may imply an emotional preoccupation without any solid intellectual understanding, which would be the opposite of my own recommendations.

I have said that the Christian church must rapidly become more cognizant of these potentially explosive social problems, more intelligently informed about the deep underlying economic and social relationships that can bring about lasting improvements, and more wholeheartedly committed to evangelism that goes beyond a mere campaign for members, to the application of the teachings of our Savior Jesus Christ to the relationships of man and society.

Signal Summary of Latin Lands

WILLIAM F. FORE, *Director*
Department of Visual Education
Methodist Board of Missions
New York, N.Y.

Protestant Opportunity in Latin America summarizes an extremely complex situation with ease, yet without doing violence to the realities. Our Methodists will be grateful for such an excellent summary of our Protestant opportunities in Latin America.

Are We Stalled?

ANTHONY HEARN, *Pastor*
Wynnton Methodist Church
Columbus, Ga.

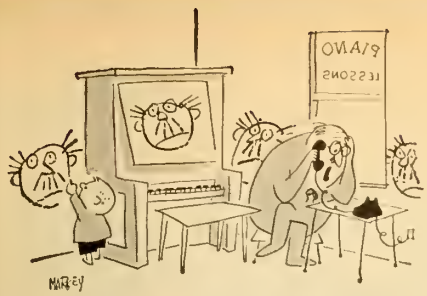
Dr. Ralph Stoody's *Our Methodical Methodist Church* [September, page 43] is good. However, the illustration, *The Mechanics of Methodism,* is not appropriate. The gears are all locked! Nothing could turn.

Let Pastor Hearn look closely. There are two layers of gears. We are not mechanics, but our artist consulted one about cams and such.—EDS.

Now Parents Are Noisy

WILLIAM A. LUFBURROW
Vice-Pres., Goodwill Industries
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wow! Am I in trouble! The Powwow *The Noisy Child in Church*



"He does *have talent, Mrs. Richie, but it's* not *for playing the piano!"*

[August, page 28] has really caused some comment. One newspaperman called and said, "Jesus loved the little children. Why don't you?"

I write this letter in the hopes that you will help me to be received again into the "redemptive fellowship" of the church.

You see, it's really your fault. My article is not so bad as it seems. It is only when its is compared with two other articles which do not deal with the same subject that the trouble comes. I was writing about the "noisy child" in church. My two brothers were merely writing about "the child" in church.

Would Brother Ben B. St. Clair have continued his article in the same way if someone had placed the word "noisy" in front of his first two sentences so that they read, "Noisy children in the worship service? Of course!" I doubt it.

And Brother Les Thompson, Jr., said, "Some children are restless . . ." How true. But my article was written about "noisy" children and not about "restless" ones.

Just for the record, my children are in church regularly, and they always have been. I did not write the article for the children to read, so they could get an excuse to stay away from the service. I wrote the article so that parents of "noisy" children could get the hint, that maybe their "noisy" children disturbed the rest of the worshipers.

Either my two brother ministers have never really been bothered, or they won't admit it.

Thanks for the whole thing. It is encouraging to know that so many people read our marvelous magazine, even if they do not agree with me.

Christ Is Not Barred

PRESTON PRICE
San Diego, Calif.

As a student, as a P.K., as a Methodist, I am disturbed by Patricia Ann Bowen's writing, "There are some places where Christ will not go." [*Letters,* September, page 69.] This

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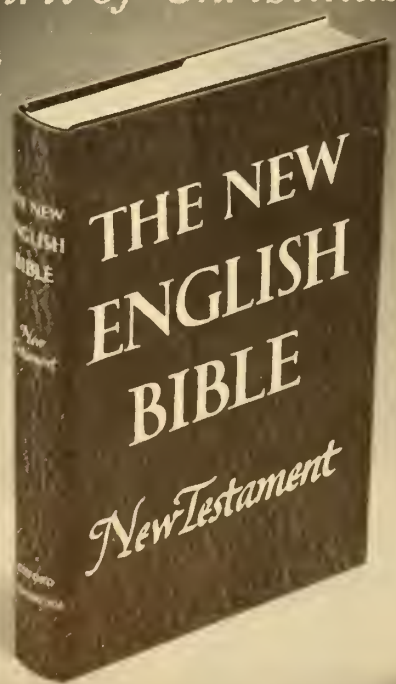

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We can take Christ with us into a saloon and witness by drinking milk. We can take him to a dance and witness by having fun without being indecent or sexy. Once we let Christ come into our lives, he will be with us wherever we go.

What's Wrong with Dancing?

BOB BLAIR
Liberal, Kans.

I ask Patricia Ann Bowen what she meant by, "I believe that the professing Christian has no business partaking of worldly amusements." Dancing and attending movies are worldly, but so are swimming, playing golf and tennis, driving a car, and any number of other things all of us do.

Quite a few persons live by the standard, "What would Jesus do?" I think it better to ask, "What would Jesus have me do?" I can't quite see our Lord driving a car or playing golf, or even viewing the movie *Ben Hur*, but I doubt that we'll be condemned for these things.

As for dancing, few dances are vulgar in themselves, but in the way persons make them. A person can walk down the street just as provocatively and repulsively as she can appear on a dance floor. I attend DeMolay and school dances, and consider myself as a good Christian coming out as I was when I went in.

Did Oldsters Spoil the Twist?

JOYCE ANN BEARDSLEY
Fillmore, N.Y.

Everything in our society today demands control—talking, reading, driving, dancing. You must control your emotions. When the kids started the twist it looked like just another fad, and it wasn't bad. But the older generation made it sensuous.

Everything is in God's plan, and it is up to us to decide what is right. To do this, we must read God's word daily. But let's not be narrow in our Christian outlook.

Miss Beardsley writes that she is 16 years old.—EDS.

'On With the Dance,' Says He

CARL E. POWELL
Richview, Ill.

Evidently Pastor Smith and Miss Patricia Ann Bowen failed to read the Scriptures on dancing—the parable of the prodigal son, Psalms 30, 149, 150, passages in Samuel, Jeremiah, Ecclesiastes, even the Gospels.

An elderly friend once told me: "There are two things wrong with dancing—the old folks who don't go, and young folks who don't know when to go home." If I were a painter depicting the

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It Touches the Heart

MRS. OTTO BRUNKOW
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Having had a Filipino girl in our home the past year as an exchange student, we can heartily concur with everything in *An Exchange of Love* [August, page 46]. More people should covet such an experience.

Fond of American Parents

MRS. LOUIS BRESIN
Crestline, Ohio

We did not have an exchange student in our home last school year, but we were a host family when 33 American Field Service students visited our city. These young persons spoke with much affection for their "American parents." Our own lives were enriched by the warmth and vitality they radiated. I am sure that anyone who comes in contact with these youths will help keep the AFS alive.

CAMERA CLIQUE

After you send off for processing those rolls of film you expose at Christmas time—and may they all be good!—why not spend one of your free evenings reviewing your 1963 slides and putting them in proper sequence for shows this winter?

A well-planned slide show tells a story and records events in logical sequence is always a pleasure to watch. Guests and family will enjoy it. Brief, relevant comments will heighten the interest.

While you review your slides, keep in mind the hymn This Is My Father's World *(No. 72 in* The Methodist Hymnal*). Do any scenes illustrate a line or lines of the hymn? Are exposure and composition good? If so, plan on entering those slides in* TOGETHER*'s Eighth Annual Photo Invitational. (But first have a duplicate made for home use while the original is at* TOGETHER *for judging.)*

Don't delay sending your entries. The deadline is February 10, 1964—less than three months away. The rules and the hymn are on page 75 of the December TOGETHER*. Mail the slides to Photo Editor,* TOGETHER *Magazine, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. One of yours may be chosen for reproduction, and you'll be dollars ahead.*

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The Singing Christmas Tree

By HELEN C. SHOEMAKE

LISA STOOD in front of the counter of Christmas tree ornaments in the store. In one hand she was holding a dime. Her mother had said she could choose, all by herself, an ornament for the Christmas tree which she and her brother Eric were going to trim.

As Lisa walked slowly up and down in front of the sparkling counter, she read the price tags. Almost all the ornaments cost more than the 10¢ she held in her hand, so she kept looking.

It had to be a very fine ornament, because this was to be the only one bought from a store this year. The Christmas tree would be the one standing in the yard. Lisa's mother had said they would not be able to buy a tree for indoors this Christmas.

Lisa looked at each ornament carefully. The counter glowed with red, blue, and green round balls, the glass shapes of Santa Claus and his reindeer, and silvery stars.

Just then a little girl and her mother stopped at the counter.

"Oh, see the golden chains!" the girl said. "I want some of those for my tree, and I want those shiny birds, too, one for each branch. And some of these balls."

"Well, look around, Betty," her mother said. "Perhaps there are other things you will want, too. But hurry!"

Betty did look around, and when the saleslady lifted out all the ornaments she chose, there were enough to fill a big box.

Lisa looked in wonder at Betty as she and her

"Dozens of little birds were on the tree. Eric said, 'The bell calls hungry birds to come to our tree.' 'And they are real,' said Lisa. 'Isn't Christmas wonderful?'"

mother left the store. "How beautiful and shining her Christmas tree will be!" Lisa thought to herself.

Then Lisa turned back again to the counter. For the first time, she noticed a little silver bell hanging from a shelf overhead.

"Does it ring?" asked Lisa of the smiling saleslady.

The lady gave the bell a gentle little push. Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, the bell rang softly.

"Oh—it is 10¢, isn't it?" Lisa asked. "It will be all right for a Christmas tree in the yard, won't it?"

The saleslady nodded her head to each question.

"I'll take it," Lisa said, and she opened her hand carefully so the dime slid onto the counter.

Then Lisa left the store, carrying the little paper bag with the shining bell inside. She ran the last block toward home to show her mother and Eric what she had chosen for their tree.

They listened while she told them about the girl who had bought the many bright birds and other ornaments for her tree.

Then Eric said, "Well, Lisa, we will have a shining bell for our tree. Now, just come and look at the red-berry chains Mother and I have been making."

They all went into the kitchen.

"Oh, Lisa," Eric said, "let's put the bell at the top of our tree. Then when the wind blows, it will ring, 'Merry Christmas.' It will be fun to trim our tree outside, and Mother said we could begin as soon as these berry chains are finished."

Late on the afternoon before Christmas, Eric and Lisa began putting decorations on the little fir tree outside the living-room window.

They looped the red-berry chains from branch to branch. They wound popcorn chains around the branches and let them hang in loops, too.

Very carefully, they placed a cranberry on the tip of each limb. Then they crumbled sugar crispies and sprinkled them on each branch.

"See how it sparkles!" Lisa said.

Eric stood on a ladder and hung the silver bell at the top of the tree.

When Lisa and Eric wakened Christmas morning, they rushed downstairs to put the gifts under the tree for each person in the family. But as they looked through the window at the tree, they jumped up and down with joy and shouted, "Mother! Daddy! Come quick!"

They all stood looking out the window in wonder. Dozens of little birds were on the Christmas tree branches, pecking at the berries or nibbling bits of the popcorn and sugar crumbs.

Lisa opened the front door a little way, and they could hear the happy chirping of the birds as they ate. And above the bird's chirps, Lisa heard the gentle tinkle of the bell on the top of the tree as a wind blew through its branches.

"Listen," whispered Lisa. "The bell is calling the birds."

Eric gave his mother a Christmas hug.

"Oh, wasn't it wonderful that Lisa chose the bell?" he said. "It calls all the hungry birds to come to our tree."

"And they are real birds, too," said Lisa. "Oh, isn't Christmas wonderful!"

LET'S MAKE AN *Advent Wreath*

WITH THE coming of Christmas, people everywhere bring out the symbols of the season. They set up Christmas trees and prepare for the most festive day of the Christian year. They hang a holly wreath and decorate the evergreen tree with sparkling lights. And they set up candles and cradles as symbols of Christmas—the birthday of Jesus.

For hundreds of years, Christians have used the Advent season to prepare their hearts and minds for the celebration of the gift of the Christ Child. It is a time of daily family worship. Each person reads some Bible verses. All join in saying Advent prayers. Each family may make a special offering to the church.

One of the symbols most filled with meaning is the Advent wreath. It is a special sign that the people have prepared their hearts for the coming of Christmas.

There are four Sundays in Advent, so the wreath has four candles. On the first Sunday—December 1 this year—only one candle is to be lighted. On the second Sunday two candles are to lighted, and so on, until the fourth Sunday, all four candles are burning.

Would you like to make a beautiful wreath to be used on your dining table?

If so, this is a project you will want to share with your father, mother, and other members of your family.

You will need a large piece of heavy cardboard, such as the side of a large box; a very large needle and some coarse thread; four large nails and four medium-size candles; enough green paper or ribbon to cover the circle of cardboard; paste; and lots of short pieces of evergreen, pinecones, chinaberry clusters, or similar decoration.

With the help of other members of your family, cut a base for the wreath out of the cardboard. It should be a circle with an overall diameter of 14 to 16 inches, and a center hole about 7 inches wide. Cover the cardboard with the green paper or wrap it with the ribbon. Use paste to hold the paper or ribbon in place.

Using the needle and thread, sew the evergreen, pinecones, chinaberry clusters, or other ornaments in place around the circle.

Push the four nails upward through the cardboard at even spaces around the wreath. Push the candles down on the nails, making your wreath complete. (You will find it easy to push the candles down over the nails if you make a hole in each candle first with a warmed icepick. Be sure to ask your mother or father to help you with this.)

Now your wreath is ready to place in the center of your table.

ROBERT H. HILL

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

Once every year, along about Labor Day, magazine people are called on to compose something special about Christmas. Each, we are sure, sits down with the conviction that he will produce another *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*, a *Silent Night*, or at least another *Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus.* This seldom happens, and we have an alibi: the frost is not yet on the pumpkin; those aren't jingle bells overhead (it's the wail of a New York-bound jetliner); and nobody named Virginia has written us for ages.

Nevertheless, the spirit of Christmas dwells in this office in all seasons—thanks to you TOGETHER readers and contributors. A lot of folks were inspired last Christmas, or a few Christmases ago, to put the season on paper. The manuscripts arrived in January, and they arrived in July. And not many of you have confused the message of Christmas with mere tinsel and mistletoe.

We became more aware of the real Christmas as we began assembling the children's paintings for this month's eight-page **color section.**

You'll find these paintings, and others, in a book recently issued by Thomas Nelson & Sons ($3.50). The title is *Away in a Manger—Paintings of the Nativity by Boys and Girls Around the World*, and the pictures were selected by the World Council of Christian Education and Sunday School Association.

The 15th-century French *Book of Hours*, from which **this month's cover** was reproduced, is in the extensive rare-book collection of Chicago's Newberry Library. For the privilege of sharing it with you, we acknowledge the courtesy and generosity of the librarian, ***Dr. Laurence W. Towner.***

Now, if you please, a personal word . . .

A month of May, 1956, may not stand up like a skyscraper in your memory. In mine, it does. For then in Minneapolis, Methodism's General Conference gave the go-ahead to the audacious "bold venture." It was a plan which I, as a layman and a publication consultant working in my adobe abode in Arizona, helped evolve. Purpose? To re-create the 130-year-old *Christian Advocate* as two journals—one for pastors and one for the newly named TOGETHER, midmonth magazine for Methodist families. I neither planned nor wanted to be the Editorial Director—yet seven years later here I am that.

Our Editorial Directors, present and past: Ewing T. Wayland and Leland D. Case.

Was, I should say. For yesterday in New York, the Methodist Board of Publication approved a recommendation President Lovick Pierce and I made jointly. It was that at once, so the publications might benefit from new leadership at the General Conference in Pittsburgh next spring, the Rev. Ewing T. Wayland, *Advocate* editor, be named Editorial Director. . . .

We stopped the press to insert this news. Also I seize the opportunity to voice personal gratitude to all who by help and encouragement—ranging from effort of competent and dedicated staff members to prayers of you whom I shall never know—have helped carry forward this "bold venture" in religious journalism. Thanks to you, it has exceeded expectations. But its Great Day, I believe, is ahead!

LELAND D. CASE
Formerly EDITORIAL DIRECTOR; *Now* EDITORIAL CONSULTANT

TOGETHER—the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

Editorial Office: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone: (Area Code 312) 299-4411.

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TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

TOGETHER is "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding cover date.

Editorial Director: **Ewing T. Wayland** / Executive Editor: **Richard C. Underwood** / Managing Editor: **Herbert E. Langendorff** / Art Editor: **Floyd A. Johnson** / Associates: **Paige Carlin, Helen Johnson, Ira M. Mohler, Charles E. Munson, H. B. Teeter** / Assistants: **Else Bjornstad** (research), **Loretta Carlson** (production), **Robert C. Goss** (art), **George P. Miller** (Photos) / Editorial Associate: **Anthony J. Tolbert III** / Editorial Consultant: **Leland D. Case** / Business-Circulation Manager: **Warren P. Clark** / Advertising Manager: **John H. Fisher** / Promotion Manager: **John L. Sellers. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.**

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears,
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world:
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the Ruler yet.

This is my Father's world:
Why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King: let the heavens ring!
God reigns: let the earth be glad!

—Maltbie D. Babcock

Ageless Myrtle Walgreen's Katydid on a Teasel: *Overhead, underfoot, all around,* Together *color photographers will find many subjects to illustrate the hymn* This Is My Father's World.

Do You Take Color Slides?

A LOT of Together readers do, as our past Photo Invitationals have proved, but certainly the Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock knew nothing of today's sensitive color film when he wrote the lyrics to *This Is My Father's World* (No. 72 in *The Methodist Hymnal*), published shortly before his death in 1901. A great lover of nature, Dr. Babcock frequently went to the top of a hill north of Lockport, N.Y., where he liked to gaze out across lustrous Lake Ontario and the country between.

"I'm going out to see my Father's world," he would say when he went out for one of his strolls...and that's what you will be doing when you load your camera and set out to put the words of this hymn to the eye-pleasing music of color photography.

Have you given it a try? Maybe the view of Lake Ontario is as inspiring today as it was in the author's time. Perhaps late autumn still flames in your section of the Ozarks, or maybe there's a puppy playing outside in the first snowfall of the season. Truly, our Father's world still is a great big, wide, wonderful place. Will you share a part of yours with us?

Send to

Photo Editor, Together, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Read these rules:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide and explain why it was inspired by the hymn.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1964.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them will become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of slides purchased.)
6. We will pay $25 for each 35-mm slide and $35 for larger sizes accepted for use in the Invitational pictorial.
7. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

The play's theme is profound, but its "animals" appeal to children as well as adults.

NOAH

+ THE TIME: In the past. The scenes: A desert place, on an ark, on a mountain. The cast: The patriarch Noah, his family, a neighbor, and the animals Noah herds into the ark.

These elements of the story (Genesis 6-9) are familiar. Less well-known is the 20th-century vehicle by which the ancient tale is told. It is a three-act play written by the late modern French playwright, André Obey, artfully combining trenchant religious truth with warm, folktale humor.

Pictured on these pages are scenes from a production of *Noah* which won rave notices at Methodist-related Scarritt College for Christian Workers in Nashville, Tenn. It was staged by the Scarritt Players and di-

"Man," the wicked neighbor who taunts Noah for building the ark, is a grotesque symbol for those who deny God's existence and ridicule faith.

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

New York Area

BISHOP
Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR
Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 1924, New York, N.Y. 10027.

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 12 DECEMBER, 1963

6,000 METHODISTS THRONG HOTEL FOR RIGHTS RALLY

Professions of Faith Decline in N.Y. Area

The number of persons received into New York Area churches on profession of faith has declined steadily since 1959, reflecting a trend throughout the Northeastern Jurisdiction.

In 1959, 16,596 were recorded, and in 1963, 13,668. Only the Troy Conference showed a gain, reporting 2,956 in 1963, as against 2,767 in 1959.

The other conferences reported for 1963 as follows, with the 1959 figures in parentheses: Newark, 3,617 (4,835); New York, 2,485 (2,715); New York East, 4,610 (6,279).

Serves 15 Churches

The 15 churches of Rensselaer and Washington Counties, in the Troy Conference, have engaged Miss Lena Oakley as director of religious education in each parish.

Miss Oakley was formerly director of the School of Nursing at the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn.

Dr. Stoody to Retire

Dr. Ralph Stoody, general secretary of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information for 23 years, will retire next April.

He will be succeeded by Dr. Arthur West, director of the Chicago office.

His Benediction

The following prayer was offered as a benediction by the late Dr. Joshua O. Williams. The above picture of him at the lectern was the last one taken before his untimely death four days later.

O Lord, grant that what we have heard with our ears and felt with our hearts be so inwardly grafted into our being that it will give direction to our lives from this day forward.

Strengthen our witness for Thee and for Him who came to save us, that we may recognize all men as brothers and recognize the sacredness of human personality in every man everywhere, to the glory of God and to the bringing of His kingdom on earth as it is in Heaven.

Be with us in all of our undertakings and guide us with Thy spirit. Amen.

L. St. Clair Dummett Photo

On platform at Human Rights Rally from left, were: Chairman Charles L. Warren, Dr. Anna Arnold Hedgeman, Senator Kenneth Keating, and NAACP head, Roy Wilkins.

Three U.S. Senators Stress Place Of Church in Civil Rights

If any doubts existed about the desire of New York Area Methodists to express themselves on civil rights, it was dispelled September 29, when more than 6,000 persons overflowed the ballroom at the New York Hilton Hotel in response to Bishop Wicke's summons to human rights action.

Rally Quotes

Senator Javits: "The churches and synagogues can bring about a massive moral awakening so passionate and powerful that, by its sheer weight, it can move Congress to action."

Senator Keating: "The churches not only have a place in this struggle—they must be in its vanguard."

Senator Dodd: "The role of the churches is to help us win our legislative struggle and then make that victory meaningful in every community in this land."

Representative Celler: "The pattern has been set and there is no turning back into the graveyards of detachment and silence."

Anna Arnold Hedgeman: "Those four children who died (in Birmingham) are symbols of the crucifixion. Their deaths may help us comprehend the meaning of the crucifixion anew and challenge us to resurrect the spirit of Christ in our lives, our churches, and our communities."

Let Your Will Be Known

Bishop Wicke: "Let us resign from the Party of Silence. Let your will be made known in Congress. Sustain our representatives' better efforts and prod their flagging spirits. Refuse the low road of expediency and gradualism."

Others who appealed for vocal sup-

Funds Aid Bombed Church

The offering at the Human Rights Rally totaled $4,221.50. After rental and expenses were paid, the balance of $2,174.92 was sent to the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Ala., scene of the bombing which took the lives of four girls.

port of civil rights action were Miss Thelma Stevens, of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, and Roy Wilkins, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Talks on Prejudice

The Rev. George Weyand of Grace Church, Newburgh, N.Y., shared the platform with Edward G. O'Neill, an attorney, at a memorial service for the four girls murdered in Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Weyand called on all Newburgh residents to "act positively" in the name of right for Negroes and charged, "We have not said enough or done enough to express our Christian heritage."

Referring to the Birmingham bombing, he added, "I was ashamed to be part of a civilization where something so barbaric could take place."

The Rev. Merrill C. Johnson, pastor of First Church where the meeting was held, opened and closed the protest with prayer.

Three Special Sessions Consider the Ministry

New York Area ministers, their wives, and laymen reviewed the nature of the calling of the ministry at three special sessions of the annual conferences in Schenectady, N.Y.; White Plains, NY.; and Drew University.

Part of a nation-wide Mission on the Ministry, the sessions included discussion groups aimed to develop an understanding of the ministry which will lead to the recruitment of young men and women.

Bishop Wicke presided over all three of the special sessions.

The speakers, shown from left in the picture below, were: Dr. Mack B Stokes, of Emory University School of Theology; Bishop Everett W. Palmer, Seattle Area; Bishop Wicke; Bishop Edwin R. Garrison, Dakotas Area; and Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, Illinois Area.

Starting her 64th year as church-school teacher at Centenary Church, Newark, N.J., Miss Florence M. Dougherty, 88, receives corsage from Jesse B. Condit.

Host to St. Mark's

The Hartsdale, N.Y., Church was host to Dr. Charles L. Warren and 130 of his officials from St. Mark's Church, New York City, for a planning retreat. Hartsdale members served lunch and dinner.

Conference officials who attended as resource leaders were Dr. Walter L. Scranton, district superintendent; the Rev. Alex Porteus, the Rev. Burton F. Tarr, the Rev. Robert Schrock, the Rev. Robert Meyer, and Dr. John Pearson, host pastor.

Quote of the Month

"If religion had lived up to its responsibilities, every Negro today would be saying 'Thank God' instead of 'Thank the Supreme Court.'"

Dick Gregory
at Methodist Conference
on Human Relations.

Schenectady Union-Star

Speakers at Bishops' Mission on the Ministry, held in three area conferences.

Youth Camps on Wheels

New York Conference young people were treated to three trip camps under the sponsorship of the Board of Education.

Two of the groups visited Methodist missions in Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina under the leadership of the Rev. and Mrs. James J. Benson, the Rev. and Mrs. James W. Cook, the Rev. Carl O. Hartman, and the Rev. Richard S. Smith.

A five-week trip to Alaska was led by the Rev. Alex Porteus and the Rev. Joseph G. Bailey.

Among the MYF groups who enjoyed trip camps were Sharon, Conn., young people who attended a work camp in Iowa, and travelers from Treadwell who visited the Smokies.

Six young people and their counselors from Zion's Hill, N.Y., Church saw at firsthand what the church is doing to meet the economic, educational, medical, and spiritual needs of people living in depressed areas in the South.

As part of the trip-trailer camping program at Sessions Woods, they inspected mission work in North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

Their 11-day trip also included a tour of Methodist buildings at Lake Junaluska, N. C. The Rev. and Mrs. David Huff and Mrs. Margaret Jackson were counselors for the group, which included Peggy Palmer, Jack Faragher, Richard Saunders, John Tanner, and Gordon VanValkenburg.

Green Mountain News

Ground was broken for a new $225,000 maintenance building.

The new $650,000 dormitory which was opened in September has been named Lyman Hall in honor of trustee president Corbin C. Lyman.

The annual fall retreat of the Christian Association was held at Skye Farm, Troy Conference camp. The theme was *Does Christianity Make a Difference?*

List Favorite Verses

Three Methodists are among the 49 prominent persons who have described their favorite Bible passages in a book entitled *Bible Words That Guide Me*, edited by Hubert A. Elliott and published by Grosset and Dunlap.

They are Bishop Gerald Kennedy, J. C. Penney, and Dr. Georgia Harkness.

DECEMBER, 1963 Vol. 7, No. 12
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

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Number of Members	Annual Subscription Rate	Billed Quarterly @
Ten percent	$3.12	78¢ each
Twenty percent	$2.76	69¢ each
Thirty percent	$2.52	63¢ each

(Fewer than ten percent but grouped and submitted through the church office: $3.96 a year, cash with order.)

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Together / December 1963

Passing the Word Along

Many ministers are heeding our plea to try to stop the use of "Reverend" with a minister's last name. Bulletins are repeating the information that the word is an adjective and should not be used as a title any more than "handsome" or "good" would be.

One dissenter has been heard from, however, the Rev. Finley Schaef of Grace Church, St. Albans, N.Y., who takes a stand for usage as against good grammar.

"For those of us who don't wear clerical collars," he writes, "the title 'Rev.' is a good, succinct way to identify ourselves as clergymen."

Please, Rev., isn't there some other way?

Fire Sweeps Edison Church

The new church at Edison, N.J., suffered $75,000 to $100,000 damage in a fire started by an arsonist.

The congregation at La Grangeville, N.Y., is worshiping again in its sanctuary after extensive renovations. The church is celebrating its 100th anniversary in its present location.

The new $106,000 education building in Linden, N.J., was consecrated.

The centennial celebration at Ulster Heights Church near Ellenville, N.Y., included rededication of the building, following completion of a $7,000 improvement program by Methodist Men.

The front of the Clinton Avenue Church in Kingston, N.Y., is being remodeled at a cost of $50,000.

Newton, N.J., Methodists are occupying their new building on Ryerson Ave.

An addition to the Swartswood, N.J., Church is being built with materials salvaged from the demolition of old buildings on Camp Aldersgate property.

The site of the New Washington Street-Hedding Church in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., was consecrated.

Ground was broken for the new Centenary Church in Metuchen, N.J. A $270,000 fellowship hall will be the first unit.

Thanks to volunteers in Quakertown, N.J., a $47,500 addition was built for $20,000. It was dedicated debt free.

Jackie Robinson warms up Talk Back *TV panel for December 1 program. At right, are: Mrs. George Teague, Rabbi Saul Teplitz, and Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson.*

THE BISHOP WRITES

Religion Provides Power to Perform

(Excerpts from an address at a United Nations Seminar sponsored by the Board of Christian Social Concerns.)

Remember that song of the early 20s: "We have onions and cabbages, tomatoes and potatoes, but yes, we have no bananas today"? We have liberty and license, enlightment and leisure, but yes, we have no universally accepted morals today! At least, this is the current and recurring refrain.

There is no single authority, no commonly accepted schoolmaster, whose word we agree is definitive.

We are in disagreement as to the nature and existence of conscience, the reality of justice, the validity of religion. It is apparently impossible to find agreement on such simple social items as: (1) Whom shall I welcome into my neighborhood? (2) Where do freedom and license clash in matters of sex, the massing of money, and its use? (3) Is it moral to break a law considered "unjust"? (4) What law decrees that this nation share its hard-won substance with the nations of the world?

Current events highlight our moral dilemma: the Big Steel price-fixing adventure, General Electric's trial and impending judgment, the drug combine indictment, the Re father-and-son escapade in wormy finance, the McCrory fiasco, the F.T.X.-100 controversy, featherbedding, officers of the law pillaging property on beats, flagrant use of adoptive techniques, the note that more than 25 percent of our college gals have adventured into the wilderness of extramarital sex relations. . . . Why continue the list? Can the causes be determined so that we may discover the nature of the church's role in this cauldron of defection from moral rectitude?

In this cosmic upheaval, what is the truth of the indictment that the Church has failed?

Are the indictments sound and defendable?

To the question, "What does the Church have to offer?" we reply, simply, honestly, "THE GOSPEL."

The gospel in its simplest form can be discovered in the first words of the Lord's Prayer—"Our Father," universal creator, sovereign, judge, ultimate love, final conservator of every value.

The insights of high religion, of revelation, of willing acceptance by faith are the ground rules for salvation. But faith without works is dead. Herein is discovered the task—the meaning of the Church as husbander of both religion and morality.

Attempts are periodically made to relegate religion, if not dethrone her, and proclaim morality as sovereign. The Church then becomes an Ethical Culture Society, a sort of rotarian powerhouse of like-minded crusaders. Its traditional function disappears and rational humanism is its replacement.

Religion and morality are NOT identities. Morality asks, "What can I do?" The Church answers the question, "Who am I?" Then answering that question it can proceed to the moral question. Of course, other questions are involved, all religious. Not only who am I, but whose? Being his, what is my immediate destiny? It is HIS power which sustains me as I answer those questions in conduct. Apart from that power, my morality becomes a vanishing thing—as witness our situation today.

The power, and the standard, come from the very nature of my being itself, and the nature of being comes from my relationship to God.

To behave morally loses its "sticking power," unless it is anchored in religious affirmation. Religion is the ground of action, morality the verification of the faith. Moral action is ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH WE ARE SAVED. Religion provides the power to perform. Morality, the platform of performance.

Morality, apart from its roots deep in religious certainty, will ultimately die. If the Church has any role in nurturing the moral life, it can only be accomplished from the core of a religious certainty as to the nature, the purpose, the meaning, and destiny of life.

LLOYD C. WICKE

New York City TV Starts 'Talk Back' Series

The Methodist television series, *Talk Back*, started a 13-week series, October 6, on WOR-TV, Channel 9, at 9:30 a.m., Sundays.

The panel is moderated by Jackie Robinson, and two area Methodists will appear on two of the programs.

Mrs. George Teague of Boonton, N.J., was on the panel, October 27, discussing the story, *The Little Ball Bounces.*

Mrs. Teague will also be on the panel December 1, with Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, of Mamaroneck, N.Y., following the filmed story, *The Apple Orchard.*

December 1963 \ Together

Drew's News

• Dr. Gerhard Ebeling, professor of systematic theology and history of theology at the University of Zurich, Switzerland, will conduct seminars in the graduate school on *Hermeneutical Problems of the Old Testament*, through December.

Dr. Ebeling

• President Oxnam, executive committee member of the World Methodist Council, attended meetings of that body in Stuttgart, Germany, recently.

• A series of eight lectures on metropolitan problems is being co-sponsored by Drew and the *Eagle-Courier Newspapers* as an outgrowth of a study conducted at the university last spring. The series ends December 18.

• Dr. Lawrence E. Noble, Jr., has joined the liberal-arts faculty as associate professor of political science. He has served on the faculty of Centre College, Danville, Ky., and at the University of Mississippi.

• Alfred B. Haas, associate professor of practical theology, wrote the *Hymn Information Series* on the twelve great hymns from *The Methodist Hymnal* for the publication, Hymn of the Month, for the Christian year, 1963-64.

• Alexander T. Williams, laboratory instructor in physics, has been granted his 20th United States patent. It is for a photoelectric device for measurement of areas.

Observe Bard's Anniversary

Miss Margaret Webster lectured at the Elizabethan festival on *An Evening With Shakespeare* at Centenary College. The occasion honored the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth.

The music and arts building ($510,336) and the maintenance building ($185,250) were constructed last summer.

•

John Steyers, of Pittsburgh, has been appointed to the faculty of the English department.

Work for Science Degrees

Six girls at Vermont College, Montpelier, are the first students to complete the third year of the new four-year program in medical technology. They have begun a 12-month internship in hospitals which will make them eligible to

Candidates for B.S. degree in medical technology, Vermont College, Montpelier.

receive a bachelor of science degree.

Shown in the photo above with President Ralph E. Noble, they are from left, Gail Bradshaw, Patricia Poling, Mrs. Carol Bresnahan Shouldice, Teri Bosbee, Judy Young, and Barbara Gould.

Wives Attend Retreat

Wives of Troy Conference ministers held their annual retreat at Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

The planning committee is shown above, seated from left: Mrs. Robert Hammond of Ballston Spa, chairman; Mrs. Gerard O'Neill of Cohoes, Mrs. Lawrence Larrowe of Bannington, Mrs. Donald Brushett of Latham; standing, Mrs. Roger U. Day of West Sand Lake, Mrs. James Borden of Averill Park, Mrs. Clarence Hoch of Shenendehowa, and Mrs. Robert Trost of Troy.

PhotoCraft Studios

New York's Mayor Wagner (at right) proclaimed October 8 "John Street Methodist Church Day." He is shown with the Rev. R. L. Francis and Joseph Smoth's painting, to be shown at the World's Fair.

Building Pictures Coming

Because of an oversupply of pictures received by the editorial office this month, all pictures of construction projects will be held for a picture page in the January issue.

The Short Circuit

William E. Brown, a trustee of Trinity Church, New York City, has been named lay leader of the New York District of the New York Conference. He is chairman of the local commission on education, a conference delegate, and reserve delegate to the 1964 jurisdictional conference.

Mr. Brown

The **Rev. Alan Egly** has been named minister of education at King's Highway Church, Brooklyn.

A **Methodist Men** charter was presented the A.M.E. Zion Church of New Haven, Conn.

God and Country Awards were presented Scouts Maurice Shaw of Emory Church, Hancock, N.Y., and Edward Blechta of Mamaroneck, N.Y.

The Benjamin Haviland Memorial Library has been dedicated at Vanderveer Park Church, Brooklyn.

Anniversaries: Watertown, Conn., 125th; First Church, Johnstown, N.Y., 75th; Ulster Heights, N.Y., 100th; Glen Gardner, N.J., 100th; First Church, Dover, N.J., 125th.

Byron M. Cody Photo

Laymen's Day service was conducted by 16 members of First Church, Dover, N.J.

In Memoriam

New York Conference
Joshua O. Williams
New York, N.Y.
October 3, 1963
Charles G. G[illegible]se (retired)
Scotia, Y.
September 1963

•

New York East Conference
Ernest F. Weise (retired)
Waterbury, Conn.
September 30, 1963

•

Troy Conference
Wilbur T. Clemens
New York State Council of Chur

Albany, N.Y.
August 9, 1963

Together / December 1963

In a scene before the flood, Noah's sons—Shem, Ham, and Japheth—meet for the first time the three neighbor girls chosen as their prospective wives.

rected by James H. Warren, head of the school's prestigious drama department. Professor Warren used costuming and decor suggesting rural 17th-century France to interpret Obey's rendering of the biblical story as a folk narrative.

Noah himself becomes an old French farmer. "Man," who represents the villagers' reaction to Noah's warning of impending disaster, is seen as a grotesque, gnomelike individual who, in refusing God's guidance, makes himself a mockery of what God intended. The animals are seen as reasoning characters who understand Noah's spirit, if not his words, better than his own family.

Obey's drama is not a literal retelling of the Genesis text, though it does treat the original faithfully. More important, the dramatist poses in contemporary idiom the universal, timeless questions of man's relationship to God and the Creator's purposes in his creation. To the audience, the flood is identifiable as a symbol of nuclear holocaust, and the playgoer is forced to ask: "How can 20th-century man build *his* ark?"

In the play's climactic scene, Noah and his family see the dove returning to the ark and instinctively reach for it. Though his family often despairs, Noah never loses hope that God will save them. In the end, God's promise appears in the rainbow. William Tatum starred in the title role.

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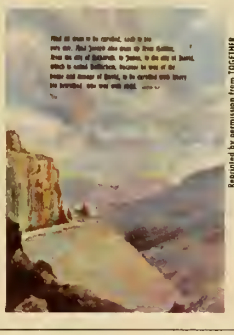

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